THE COMMONWEAL

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STERLING AND SUBSTANTIAL

A CLAMOR for quality has gone round the world. Deluges of satire have made a target of the lack of genuineness or virtue in the industrial output. It is true that the effectiveness of this crusade is most noticeable in the realm of patent medicines and groceries. We know there is less water in our milk, less sawdust in our coffee, than there used to be. But has the demand for what is sterling and substantial been carried into less obvious matters? Well, the shocking exposé is still served with our daily bread. Dozens of pseudo-sciences and professions appear and then fade in the glare of publicity. The shams of literature and art, of religion even, are still more abundant than honest vigilanti. But we believe that improvement is discernible. Through having been fooled many times we are growing incredulous—which is regrettably identical with being prepared for the reception of truth. We are incredulous about nothing so much, perhaps, as about the processes which claim to give us scientific and cultural truth. We are constantly staring at education in a fierce attempt to peer through its mask, if it be really wearing such a thing.

Catholic education in this country has long since been the object of a particular kind of critical scrutiny. Persons unable to see why the children of the Church should be "segregated" from the world at large have carefully devoted part of their time to watching exits and entrances to the parochial schools. This enterprise in observation has, on the whole, been harmful in only one respect. Americans were duly impressed with the fact that little evidence was forthcoming to prove the insufficiency or the viciousness of Catholic schools. Many began to feel kindly toward the sisters, whose lives are so beautifully sacrificial. But it is quite true that the constant watch set upon these schools tended to develop in them a quality of isolation not in their purpose. Essentially they are educational institutions serving the public with a good conscience, as all reputable schools do. They simply adopt a different method—the method of religious orientation, by which the varied types of learning are unified and sanctified. This ought not to set them apart from the rest of American life, and it would not if the prevailing attitude of suspicion were less intense.

In the domain of higher training, there is far less of segregation. Students go from the Catholic college to the secular university, and a layman trained at Harvard has more than once settled down to teach in Jesuit class rooms. The Catholic institution for higher learning (particularly in cases where the students are men) is much more fundamentally the compeer, the associate, of similar secular institutions than the paro-

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chial school is the compeer or associate of the public school. This relationship is in many respects a decided advantage and needs, as we shall see, to be acted upon. On the other hand it has probably tended in practice to disintegrate the Catholic university and college "system." Our religious higher schools have little sense of their relations one with the other, or of their ability to coöperate effectively in attaining certain common goals. Indeed, there probably exists more than a little sharp rivalry.

As one way of remedying this situation, the National Federation of Catholic Alumni was conceived and organized. Those who accomplished the hard work involved saw the growing importance of the alumnus to his college, to the Catholic educational idea as a whole, and to his myriad fellow-graduates. They saw that the largest American universities depend upon their "sons" for financial assistance and moral support. Furthermore, they realized that the strength of Catholic alumni, if it could be brought to focus upon definite objects, might render priceless aid in solving American social and civic problems. At first they were necessarily theorists; but now, after the close of the third annual convention, it is apparent that they have arrived at hours of practical vision. The program of the several meetings covered a great deal of educational territory, from the special point of view of the alumnus. A closing banquet, at which the arts of oratory and pageant drama rivaled those of the cuisine, exemplified the harmony of purpose and sentiment that ought to prevail among educated men. Finally, substantial financial donations assured the immediate future of the organization and lent something like wings to great hopes long entertained. This year's meeting—the "critical third"—can, therefore, be termed a success.

Here, then, is a beginning of the union which future years must achieve. How fundamental this search for harmony has become was pointed out to the convention by Dean Edward A. Fitzpatrick, of Marquette University, whose address deserves to be known and commented upon by all interested in the subject. Beginning with the observation that educational service must mean "not loyalty to institutions, but to the concept of learning as a whole," Dr. Fitzpatrick went on to inscribe the term "chaos" over the doorway of educational America. Every state is confronted with the phenomenon of multiplying collegiate establishments, which elbow into one another and condemn all to mediocrity. The Catholic system likewise "just growed like Topsy. . . . A sublime faith was at the basis of it, it has done extraordinarily well under the conditions, but it is possible to do much better—very much better—through organization." This must not be confused with any form of standardization, such as "allocating" the field available according to a prearranged plan. It can, therefore, only mean, in actuality, "a frank facing of the higher educational problem of the whole country in the light of all its facilities and its total educational resources."

One result of such a step can be predicted in advance. The criterion of quality must be accepted as paramount. "There should be associated with the Catholic college and university," said Dr. Fitzpatrick, "always the quality of eminence, rather than, as is too often true, a reputation of inferiority, due sometimes to ignorance of Catholic education, and sometimes, let it be admitted, well deserved." Such an ideal is unattainable, however, unless conflict gives way to coöperation. These are jagged but necessary words: "It seems to me possible for all Catholic institutions to rejoice that an exceptional scholar, or teacher, or administrator, has appeared in their midst. Just as such coöperation might stop the inevitable passing from one institution to another of the demi-monde of scholarship who are to be found at present in all colleges." For the leader —be he eminent scholar or enthusiastic pedagogue— is, as Father Burns declared years ago, the only recipe for educational excellence.

Working together in this sense would, it is important to note, help to further the Catholic college's equality with other institutions. Whoever it may have been who said that a better mouse-trap would bring crowds to the inventor's door, he was a person of much insight. When, as is now the case, the exceptionally able Catholic scholar or teacher is submerged under a downpour of academic burdens or swamped by a mediocre environment, it is impossible for the world at large to discern his significance. A great deal of what is currently termed "prejudice" ought really to be termed "inability to grasp opportunities." Only a frank, wise culture of quality can make the Catholic voice effective in the contemporary world. Thus the effort to improve the content of education undertaken in the spirit of religion would also have the effect of developing what may be termed its "extent"—the sphere of its influence, leadership, energy.

We have purposely refrained from enumerating the practical steps by which Dean Fitzpatrick believes successful coöperation can be arrived at. These are matters which the educator rather than the public must determine. But it is encouraging to see that alumni are taking a serious and intelligent interest in the problem as a whole. Time was when about the only thing you could squeeze out of a graduate was nine 'rahs for the team. Because the college must always be judged by its product, and because the alumnus comes to closer grips with the actual world than the campus ever does, this new enthusiasm and integrity of vision are unusually hopeful signs. We believe them destined to accomplish a great deal. At all events, the fire is now lighted: keeping it going ought not to prove impossible. It will burn brighter if responsible educators have faith in possibilities rather than traditions, remembering that the men who established colleges on the fringe of the wilderness were quite consciously sowing seed. They left as an inheritance their own confidence in the principle of growth as the only means whereby the ideal can steadily be made more of a reality.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

ELECTIONS in France will have been decided by the time this issue of The Commonweal is ready for distribution. Meanwhile M. Jules-Bois's analysis of the situation sets several important figures in relief. It may be compared with the fascinating deductions which M. Albert Thibaudet, perhaps the keenest of French critics, presents in the current Nouvelle Revue Française. He is interested in noting the effect of monetary problems upon political fortunes throughout Europe—the rise of Mussolini, the consolidation of the monarchy in Belgium, the disappearance of parties in France. In the last-named country, "the succession of ministers of finance during the great crisis was highly instructive." A variety of specialists was summoned: Loubet, who knew how to run his own business; Caillaux, a professional financier; Painlevé, the eminent mathematician; De Monzié, "who has more ideas than any other Frenchman engaged in politics." The malady would not be conquered. Finally, so Thibaudet opines, the country "summoned a doctor from the provinces, who was less spectacular but had known the patient for a long time, who enjoyed his confidence, and who, throwing aside the fashionable serums, employed the old-fashioned remedies of purgation and diet." A cure was effected. There is nothing magical about Poincaré, not the faintest trace of the duce aura. "He triumphed," declares our critic, "by transferring to the presidency of the ministry the manner of a President of the republic." In the words of M. Jules-Bois, the result is a testimony to the common sense of the mass of Frenchmen.

VERY different from ten years ago is the attitude of the United States toward men who come here, via the route of high adventure, as representatives of German manhood. A chorus of enthusiastic welcomes, of flags and banners waving with a will, has already incorporated Baron von Huenefeld and his associates into the great realm of myth. Part of this is surely due to the camaraderie which extended to Major Fitzmaurice of Ireland a hearty invitation that was no less heartily accepted. The signifiance of their flight, therefore, is moral rather than scientific. What happened to the Bremen in picking its way across the storm-swept, watery wastes tells us extremely little about the future of aviation. In all probability it will become easier to make the voyage, even though experts are of the opinion that further radical improvement of aircraft is not likely. Meanwhile another truth has grown more evident. When the science of aërial travel was very young, enthusiastic persons were heard informing a sceptical world that good would come out of bringing peoples geographically remote into closer contact. Today we see that the winging plane, as a symbol of glorious adventure, is generating currents of positive good-will that may accomplish no end of good. The crew of the Bremen, colorful personages all, should find this circumstance consoling in the midst of festivities which, precisely because they are exuberant, are trying and difficult.

THE political steeple-chase in Ohio is now ended, with Secretary Hoover far in the lead. No doubt the passing of Senator Willis influenced the result in a measure, but the alacrity with which the winner advanced to victory seems to indicate that party opinion in Ohio was not in close agreement with the declarations of party chiefs. Nor is there any apparent reason why Keystone citizens should have proved unable to discern a good man when he stood so clearly in their midst. The Republican national campaign is now ended, barring, of course, the possible (though increasingly improbable) forgetfulness by Mr. Coolidge of his scattered negatives. On the other side, the gains of Governor Smith can be registered by merely turning the calendar. The process is steady, quiet and reassuring. In so far as popular voting is able to effect the choice of a leading executive, all has just about been done. There remains the interesting spectacle of emerging issues, platforms and attitudes. With such matters as prohibition enforcement, farm relief and foreign policy still clamoring for discussion, one does not doubt that the official announcements antecedent to November will register degrees of discreetness rather than of fervor. More important, probably, is the stand likely to be taken by dry Democracy and entrenched Republicanism toward the standard-bearers as individuals. Here is a magnificent opportunity for watchful waiting. In any case, 1928 looks like a presidential year with personalities well abreast of policies.

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SOMETHING decidedly more than a new lease of life has come to the Association against the Prohibition Amendment. After lying relatively dormant for quite a period, it has now blossomed out with a board of directors that would make a most creditable United States Senate. Big business joins hands with the Federation of Labor—Mr. Raskob with Mr. Woll—in a declaration of war upon contemporary liquor enforcement and bootlegging. In time the offensive strength of this army ought to prove vastly more than merely embarrassing to the enemy. "Behind the board," we are told, "stand members of our union, and behind that the increasing determination of the American people to put out of our constitution the cancer that lodged there when the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted." Unfortunately this "determination" will have to grow much stronger before the difficult practical task of abrogating a constitutional amendment can be performed. But if the Association, opposed as it is to the restoration of the old-fashioned saloon, can formulate a substitute plan which will appear reasonable to a great many citizens who recall the gin shop of yore with loathing, the day of our emancipation from drought's bondage will be brought near. No one can doubt that the major effects of prohibition have been these: to keep the thirsty from getting respectable drinks, and to prevent reasonable men from admitting that laws are put upon statute books for the purpose of being obeyed.

WHEN The Commonweal was an infant, it often supposed that its nurse (or was it favorite aunt?) lived in New Jersey. The reason was largely the enthusiastic assistance received from Bishop Walsh, who then held the soul and heart of Trenton in his hand. A great variety of religious and charitable enterprises was then developing inside the diocese, but His Lordship remained aware of the circumstance that devotion to ideals merely begins at home. And so, when we find that May 1 has marked his installation as Bishop of Newark, our best wishes go to him charged with a great deal more of "right honest goodwill" than these words can express. The festival in honor of the occasion has drawn together hierarchy, clergy and laymen from all parts of the East. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of New York has expressed officially the sentiment of the American Church. But there is a voice to which Bishop Walsh now listens, no doubt, with particular interest. At Villa Victoria, where Italian candidates for the Order of Maestro Pio Filippini are studying hard and preparing for their difficult mission, there rises the prayer that the bishop who has done so much to make this vision come true may continue to preside over its destinies. That of course is an invitation to difficult toil rather than a compliment. What matter? The new shepherd of the Newark diocese is one who has always identified the two things. The dream, ancient wisdom tells us, comes in the multitude of business. Where the business is of such a goodly sort as Bishop Walsh's, there can be little doubt as to the actual realization of the dream.

DEATH, in removing Baron Eversley from our midst, does more than remind us that over sixty years have passed since pacific relations between Great Britain and the United States were in serious jeopardy. It also serves to mark something of the difference that has descended upon conceptions of patriotism since the dead peer, as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, made himself the advocate, in and out of Parliament, of American rights which he held had been infringed by British sympathy with the seceding states. Any who doubt that war was really imminent in 1863, or that what would today be termed a "state of national emergency" existed in England, may be referred to editorials and cartoons of the time. One of the most striking of the latter went so far as to represent Britannia leaning upon the breech of a cannon, and striving to pierce a bank of clouds to westward, as she awaited the American answer to the Mason-Slidell affair.

YET the man who, throughout this critical period, roundly denounced the conduct of his government, not only made unnumbered friends in this country, but lost none worth keeping in his own. His influence was unimpaired, he was reëlected to Parliament, attained cabinet rank, and a barony honored his old age. Would such a portent be likely to repeat itself in any country, European or otherwise, today? Or would the doubt thrown by a prominent public man upon the justice of his country's cause and his cabinet's action be construed as "aid and comfort" to a possible enemy? Relations between England and America have always profited by a special dispensation, so answers to these questions may reasonably differ. But this much is not in doubt. The urgency of such a body as the League of Nations to allay the war spirit at its birth is all the greater because, in the exacerbated form national self-consciousness is taking, there seems little room left for such fearless and independent thinkers and speakers as the late Lord Eversley proved himself in difficult days whose shadow is a dwindling memory.

COMMEMORATION of its centenary by an American newspaper is not a frequent occurrence. When a journal as youthful and alert as the Columbus Enquirer-Sun is the celebrant, one finds it difficult to believe that a paper so deeply influenced by the characters of Julian and Julia Collier Harris was actually founded in 1828 simultaneously with the Georgian city it has made distinguished. But it was really then that General Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, later first vice-president and then president of the republic of Texas, established the Enquirer. A fearless and an ardent advocate of state rights, freedom of speech and liberty of religious worship, he embodied his personal convictions in his journal. Thus it is by no accident, but

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rather through fidelity to praiseworthy traditions, that a succession of courageous editors have maintained to this day a great progressive organ devoted to fighting illiteracy, bigotry and political chicanery.

THE Enquirer-Sun, awarded the Pulitzer Gold Medal for disinterested and meritorious services in 1926 in recognition of its unrelenting war upon the Ku Klux Klan, has today a national significance as a lighthouse of tolerance, public service and intelligent power. In its centennial issue of April 22 the paper rededicated itself to "the cleanest ethics of journalism and the highest of cultural and political principles." The Commonweal, adding its voice to the universal praise, is glad to repeat the prayer of Julian and Julia Collier Harris: "May the inspiration of his [Lamar's] fearless spirit live another hundred years, and longer, so that those editors who will later take up his pen may find courage and consolation in the brilliant record of his struggle and success."

NATION-WIDE interest in imported house furnishings which bear a modern imprint has led, incidentally, to considerable reflection upon the trend of modern art. To one who has seen divers exhibits—New York City has been the scene of very interesting ones—it is first of all apparent that here is a notable departure from the ornate, luxurious fancies of Louis Quinze. The fancy that France is merely debonair and frivolous suffers a severe shock from this almost penitential return to the genuine and the essential. One is reminded of Balzac and Ingres, not of opera bouffe. In these new rooms, materials are used for what they are: the beauty of walnut, oak and mahogany, the sturdy radiance of metals and pottery, the mission of light to illumine and yet enshroud, are all utilized with an earnest fidelity that escapes being affectation by remaining constantly aware of purpose. A chair is made to sit upon, a bed to sleep in. Neither exists to constitute an object of display, and yet both can be things of simple, memorable beauty. The recourse to angles and parallelograms, which may prove a trifle disconcerting at first, is not dictated to the best artists by cubist theory but by their practical intent. Miss Millay has declared that "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare"; but unless we are much mistaken, the modern French creator of genius resembles Euclid only because he has resolved to discard the myriad mere ornatenesses of the past and return to honesty. This is therefore a most encouraging art, which symbolizes so much of the fresh sincerity which seems to have passed into French life during recent years.

THIS art calls our attention to a theme which we hope to present for detailed discussion soon—the relation between furnishings and all of life, including religion. In his excellent treatise on French religious art in the present century, Maurice Brillant declared that the modern designer seeks "to create an object which corresponds exactly to its function, thinking less of ornament than of linear harmony; and the precious woods used to display their own beauty when endowed with large, almost bare surfaces." A frank and confident art, therefore. Brillant then passes on to ecclesiastical furnishings, and formulates these maxims: "Let us beautify the churches with furnishings that are veritably our own (for it is meet to give unto God the most beautiful things we create) and so 'modern' as the Gothic carvings were modern in their time. The best tendencies in modern handiwork conform perfectly with the spirit of liturgical art." Finally he calls attention to an excellent discourse by Paul Croix-Marie, in which the whole subject is aired with great discernment and tact, and in which there is to be found first-rate criticism of the bric-à-brac and faking which so frequently disfigure modern churches. He argues that, since the modern artist is concerned preëminently with the function which a work of art is to serve, he can work for the Church only in respecting to the full, requirements of ecclesiastical and liturgical tradition. In all this there is much food for thought.

SINCE the meeting of the Joint Committee on Domestic Relations Courts of the National Probation Association, at which representatives of the National Association of Legal Aid Societies, the National Probation Association and the Federal Children's Bureau were present, recognizes that back of divorce, which it declares is incalculable in its resultant loss to our civilization, "lies the real problem" of disastrous marriages, it obviously lacks the courage to take up arms against that evil. The report, representing the consensus of opinion of those attending, went to the extent of strongly criticizing the present divorce court, and then, veering sharply, formulated its remedies based on exhaustive study of the problems underlying family disruption and divorce. The proposal recommended is "the establishment of a family or domestic relations court which would remedy the following conditions: scattered jurisdiction of the present courts; inability to bring parties to a court; inability to ascertain facts on which remedy might be based; and inability to obtain preventive measures." Without underestimating the indisputable good done by these organizations, it must be overwhelmingly apparent that their solution is no solution at all. The divorce laws are on the statute books and as long as they are there, as long as a party to a marriage contract enters it with the conviction of its dissolubility, the conditions which the Joint Committee met to consider will exist and, hydraheaded, will multiply as fast as they are destroyed.

THIS is a year of centenaries and by no means the least important of them was the first day of April—the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, whose name we recently mentioned in connection with that of Malpighi. His discovery was

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first made known in 1616 to the Royal College of Physicians in a Lumleian Lecture and later to the world at large in a little book published in 1628—so that this year is its tercentenary—in Frankfort. Harvey delayed publication for fear of the injury which his views might do to his professional position and earnings. He was quite right, for, as in the case of Jenner, of Lister and of many another, he had to meet with the ridicule of his professional brethren. That genial gossip Aubrey (of the Miscellanies) says that Harvey told him "that he fell mightily in his practice; 'twas believed by the vulgar that he was crackbrained and all the physicians were against him." Twenty-five years of continuous labor in face of opposition, discouragement and ill health brought on by overwork, were necessary before his conclusions were accepted.

A CURIOUS and not widely known fact concerning Harvey may not be out of place here. He was, as body physician to the king, also tutor to the two sons of Charles I—afterward Charles II and James II—and accompanied them with their father in his campaigns. When the important battle of Edgehill took place, Harvey had, in the morning of that conflict, taken his two pupils into a field and pulled out a work on philosophy from his pocket so that his time might not be wasted. The tradition continues that, the shots coming unpleasantly close, he removed himself and his charges to a more distant and safer position and there calmly continued his studies. Of the truth of this story there is no doubt, and it is at once a remarkable commentary on the skirmishes then called battles and Harvey's remarkable detachment.

UNDERSTANDING THE CHURCH

A RECENT number of The Inquiry summarizes comment that followed in the wake of what has been termed the "Fairfield Experiment"—a series of meetings attended by earnest citizens of Fairfield, Connecticut, in order to determine their attitude toward Catholics, and described for The Commonweal in two recent articles by the Reverend J. Elliott Ross, C. S. P. It is noteworthy that the great bulk of Catholic opinion concurred more or less heartily with the remark made by Irenikon, the organ of the Monks of Unity: "It is an interesting endeavor to arrive at rapprochement in an irenic spirit." Obviously there is room for much caution, so that the following remarks by "a Catholic professor in a secular university" seem very much to the point: "It must be difficult to find a group in which it [the method] can be utilized without danger of developing antagonisms and a controversial spirit." That many other people regard conditions at Fairfield as "unusual" and wish to see the results of more experiments before venturing to form their opinions goes without saying.

Comment from Protestant sources is most interesting. In fact, what The Inquiry prints of it constitutes an "experiment" all its own. A college professor, writing to The Churchman, opines that "the Roman Church, as at present operated and controlled in America, has no concern for the Anglo-Saxon, Protestant culture which it has invaded, except to compass its eventual extinction and replace it with its own." Though it would be difficult to imagine a more erroneous statement (for most of Anglo-Saxon culture is rooted firmly in Catholicism, more firmly, possibly, than is Italian culture) the point raised calls for a reply that is at least as much a matter of deeds as of words. Many other critics felt that the "experiment" could have little value while nothing was being done on the Catholic side to complement the discussion, and professed the belief that nothing could or would be done. To this point The Inquiry was fortunately able to reply by announcing that a report would soon emanate from a Catholic group.

We feel that bigotry is an evil which can be singed and pared down, at least, by the kind of reflection which The Inquiry is stimulating. The beneficial effect lies less in the accumulation of evidence than in the fact that it impels people to examine the foundations upon which their prejudices rest. To a very great extent, American antipathy to the Catholic Church is caused by matters that have exceedingly little to do with religious doctrine. How many individuals now detest the "Roman Church" because of the dogmas of transubstantiation, or even of papal infallibility? Most of our extant bitternesses are social in character, have to do with racial and cultural differences, with atavistic memories of historical disputes, with industrial trends. Surely examination can reveal many of these for what they are.

Fundamentally, however, Catholic action cannot repose upon dialectic of this or any similar kind. From time immemorial the life of the Church as the "communio sanctorum" has been the secret of its irresistible appeal to the world. In so far as holiness and charity and beautiful loyalty to truth are exemplified in the constant spectacle of apostolic Christendom, the appeal to the spectator grows irresistible. Men are won by ideas and ideals, not by argument. The difference between the two things is the constant difference between the nominal and the real. What is involved here of charity and fervor, of good will and fidelity, may seem a platitude, but observe into what it expands in this summary by Louis Herpéel, quoted from the Revue Apologétique: "It is for us to realize the infinite possibilities latent in Christianizing the masses; to reckon with the seeming fact that the world is only now in its infancy; that vast moral improvements remain to be accomplished; that on account of our opposition and stupidity, as well as, perhaps, by reason of His own providential plan, the Saviour has not yet extended His earthly reign over more than one-third of the globe, where again there has been a decline to the extent of nearly one-half; that our institutions and ideas are still, even in Christian countries, largely pagan in character; and that, to adopt a phrase from

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Papini, the Gospels are still so novel for the majority of men that they have not yet even begun to be applied.

"We who are Catholics must not build up a Church after our own measure, narrow and eccentric, planned according to our own little ideas and interests. It is our solemn obligation to accept the religion of our Saviour as it is—a religion of realism, certainly because made for the earth and the conditions of human life upon the earth, but primarily a religion of resplendent idealism, because it exists to make ready not merely the kingdom of God in heaven, but also His realm here below. Ours is a faith which must have for its goal the fulness of peace, of harmony, of fraternity in a spirit of loyalty, charity and justice."

Living in the shadow of such illustrious hopes, actuated by the glory of charity immaculate even in the midst of unceasing human gloom, the faithful of the Church of God shall see that the very sacrifice involved in putting aside their individual selfishnesses and prejudices must bring to them finally the comradeship of all that is good in the world, and redeem even the victims of sin. Christ conquers mankind anew every time that His image grows radiant in ourselves.

SUGAR OR SALT

THE matter carried on the inside pages of the metropolitan press as each Monday comes round makes instructive, and sometimes edifying, reading. A thoroughly healthy and laudable tradition provides that on that day the sermons preached at the churches, tabernacles and synagogues on the preceding two shall be given a publicity not accorded to spiritual matters during the rest of the busy week, and shall be "bunched" (if the term be permitted) under an inclusive heading. Hence a reader interested in a comparative study of religion has a handy means of enlightening himself as to the form in which the lessons of eternity are given in our day to the busy and preoccupied servant of time. It is not undervaluing the sincerity of the men who present them to recognize that, in very many instances, what might be termed a certain etiolation seems to overtake the message before it is judged palatable to the church-going public. In other words the sugar is laid somewhat thickly on the pill. Snappy and up-to-date comment, drawn from the lecturer or publicist most in vogue, such eternally interesting subjects as "companionate marriage," divorce, getting on in life or the misdemeanors of the younger generation, are examined with a seriousness and at a length that sometimes rings strangely in the ears of those who have grown up under a dispensation where categorical precepts, if they inflict what the world would conceive as hardship, at least save a vast amount of discussion, around and about. Occasionally, however, a sermon supervenes which seems to show that the Sunday preacher, if he resigns himself to this watering and sugaring of the plain gospel message in order that pews may be filled and Gothic entries crowded, does not do so without a certain underlying discontent at the task imposed on him.

It is seldom, for instance, that one finds oneself in such hearty accord with any sermon as with that recently preached by the Reverend Thomas H. Whelpley, at Chelsea Presbyterian Church, on the activities of Mr. Bruce Barton in selling the New Testament to the business mind. Something of the indignation which seizes one at seeing a beautiful landscape marred or clear waters muddied seems to ring in Dr. Whelpley's accents and to rise above the clamor and jangle of publicity. As a thinker it is quite clear he is disgusted at this new triumph of vulgarity, and as a clergyman alarmed at the effect its success is having in still further reducing the content of pure Christian teaching among a short-sighted but ambitious ministry. "Rotarian preachers throughout the country," declares Dr. Whelpley, "inspired by Mr. Barton's books . . . are making of religion a sanctified commercialism with Jesus a big business man . . . For Mr. Barton to advance the theory that 'every one of the principles of modern salesmanship on which business men so pride themselves are brilliantly exemplified in Jesus' talk and work' is an impertinence."

We think that the word "impertinence," considered as reproof, errs on the side of mildness. At the proper place and time, The Commonweal offered its readers what it considered a fitting review of Mr. Barton's first amazing book and sees little to add to the judgment that, while offered in good faith, it was really important only as "a frank if unconscious revelation of certain convergent tendencies in religion and business . . . which are now gaining headway" in America. Dr. Whelpley's opinion (the opinion of a very eminent preacher) that the book is influencing the manner and matter of sermons, points the way to a more instant danger. Put briefly, the danger is that, at the very moment when so many brilliant but misguided writers are doing their best to make vice familiar virtue itself should be made unlovely by endowing it with mean properties which leave it not much better than a sort of sanctified shrewdness. Every word and sentence of the Man Whom Mr. Barton temerariously undertook to render acceptable to the materially minded is quite clear on the point that religion is the antidote but never the ally of the worldly spirit. His call was to generosity, to an utter abandonment upon occasions with which earthly gain had nothing to do, of what the world terms foresight. Because His Church was to be a human thing with human instruments it is easy for anyone disinclined for sacrifice to find texts in the New Testament that will support him in his disposition to make the best (or worst) of two worlds. But this can only be accomplished by an utter obliquity to the spirit of the whole. There is a warning which Dr. Whelpley may not have used textually in his fine sermon, but which certainly lay behind its spirit. "And if the salt lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"

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AVELLA, PENNSYLVANIA

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

THOSE who know the outward aspects of coal-mining country only from experience in the northern counties of England or the departments of French Flanders, and those especially who have seen either during periods of economic trouble, are likely to be pleasantly disappointed as they pass through the district south of Pittsburgh where the soft-coal strike is now causing unemployment and distress. The scenic desolation observable on the older continent is absent. In its place is a countryside of considerable charm even on a dark, rainy day—low, rounded hills dotted with trim frame houses, wide stretches of plow-land, and less evidence of abandonment in the shape of tangles of second-growth timber that one remarks during an hour's ride from New York or Boston. Neither are outward manifestations of poverty so driven in on the consciousness. There are no milling crowds of shawled women or becapped men with handkerchiefs twisted round their necks. The women who pass in and out of the train at wayside stations wear clothes that are often flimsy and tawdry copies of city smartness. But at least they do not offer the spectacle, so common in Europe, of a vocational class, dedicated to poorly remunerated labor, who regard all amenities of life, to say nothing of its saving vanities, as things beyond their reach.

The mines begin to make their appearance about half an hour before Avella is reached. You count them in twos and threes, spaced over the spacious and empty landscape, which a grey sky is overshadowing and pitiless rain drenching. High towers of skeleton steel, a runway that starts at the pit-head and ends in the air. At one of its ends the twin elevators up which the mined coal is hauled to the tipple—at the other a pile of slate and slag, as big as some of the surrounding hills, flaming and smoking at its crest and rusting to a dirty red at its base, as the debris weathers in the air. A maze of empty sidings. Climbing the hillside, a row of derelict "company houses," set as close together as in some congested suburb, and hideous not only in their faded flimsiness but in their naked likeness one to another. No gardens, allotments nor fences, no trace of the hundred and one little differences by which a stable and anchored population features its leisure and "house pride." The bare necessities of a harbor against weather—a place to sleep. Shabby Ford cars backed up against broken steps. Piles of dumped and rusting machinery between whose cogs and flanges weeds are thrusting their heads.

Avella lies on two sides of one of those wide valleys so often carved out in America by quite insignificant streams. The buildings that border the track fly no particular flag of distress. There are a couple of chain stores brave in red paint, a creamery, a trim hotel of fourteen rooms, a union headquarters, churches and chapels—Catholic, Greek Orthodox and Presbyterian—the inevitable filling station and moving picture house.

It is when one begins to move a little about the town and mingle with its people that the economic disaster begins to be apparent which has visited a town once one of the most prosperous in Washington County. The Greek church is closed and its pastor departed. Weekly services are held for the Presbyterians by a visiting clergyman. It is difficult to change a ten-dollar bill in any of the stores. The hotel is empty and in its dining-room are only a couple of state policemen, their revolver butts protruding from their holsters. The windows of the union headquarters are significantly boarded up. The movie house opens to a corporal's squad of spectators. Fresh milk is an unknown luxury and the filling station is not filling stomachs. There are children at play in streets and yards who cannot remember when their fathers had a whole week of work. In a word, you are looking at the slow death of a once well-to-do community, caught in one of the eddies that economic change creates, and driven—for all the world like some of those evicted populations who fled from their homes fourteen years ago with the roar of oncoming artillery in their ears—over the frontier that separates normal life from bare existence.

To render the simile between economic and international warfare still more striking, there are sentries in Avella, barracks, forbidden areas, and the tension that comes from never knowing from one day to another when an intolerable situation may turn to a tragic one. Of all the sights that bring home the sense of something abnormal in the whole pitiful situation, the "barracks" in which the population evicted from the company houses are sheltered is easily first. They lie about a mile and a half out of town along the road that leads to Carnegie and Pittsburgh. Those who have seen concentration camps during the great war will have their memory violently jogged. The barbed wire is missing, the sentries are busy elsewhere guarding the approaches to work; but in other respects the comparison is rather in favor of the old-time camps.

Those who have no reminiscence to assist their imaginations need only picture four rows of long huts about as solidly constructed as the average chicken-coop, raised on struts and spaced two by two on a slope that, whatever its nature once, is now trampled into miry clay. In the centre a sanitary shed. Outside, raw lumber, jagged board ends, windows set high under the tarred roofs. Within, an allotment of two to three "rooms" to families of ten and twelve souls (miners' families are almost invariably large and the

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doctrines of Malthus fall here on ungrateful soil). To hold garments, nails hammered into the thin walls. Into one corner are huddled the chairs, tables and sofas acquired in better times—all the pitiful and sacred lares and penates of the poor. Loaves of bread on the floor—pans and dishes on the beds to catch the rain that falls drop by drop from the crazy roof, with an uncanny faculty for choosing a new place of entry without notice. Cracks and crevices through which the wind enters or the smoke escapes far more effectively than through the tin chimneys which a single day's cooking clogs with soot. Pans of rising dough on chairs and stoves. Children everywhere. Elfin eyes in pinched and chalky faces. A child in bed "with a temperature." Skin eruptions that tell their own tale of inadequate and "wrong" food. Within and without too, the continual comings and goings of restless and captive life that anyone who likes can study in a big menagerie.

The uprooted population that is leading this death in life is neither violent nor wilfully idle. With hardly an exception the men are strong, hefty fellows, proud of their calling because it is work a weakling cannot do. The Czechs, Poles and Slovenes who compose a large part of the strikers are pious and God-fearing folk who contributed liberally to their church in the days of their well-being. In the little Catholic mission church of Saint Michael (where a young priest, little more than a boy, is grappling with the distress as best he can, distributing the money and clothing that reaches him from the charitable in a dwindling volume, and preaching every week the consoling doctrines of the Saviour Who chose to be a poor laborer among laboring men) you will see two rows of stained glass richer in their hagiography than the average in prosperous city churches—King David asleep upon his harp, and the dream-angel with the avenging scales above his head; good King Wenceslaus receiving his crown from the archbishop's hands—with the names of Slav donors inscribed beneath them: the gift of pious parishoners whose sons are passing through the terrible ordeal of worklessness.

Neither are these men actively resentful of their plight. During the textile strike at Lawrence I heard more verbal dynamite in an hour than in the two days passed with the miners and miners' wives of Avella. They are dazed and benumbed rather than angry. There are many things they cannot understand—the failure of their union to "deliver the goods," the waning interest in their cause, though the situation worsens day by day, the refusal of the operators to concede terms which they regard as the minimum. The lesson, so often inculcated, that economic forces are at work to cause their plight—the competition of other mining communities further south with a lower standard of living, two mild winters, the growth of fuel-saving devices and fuel substitutes—has, I should say, reached their consciousness by now. What they cannot understand, and what, I confess, I do not envy the task of making them understand, is how an industry that cannot combine reasonable profit with anything better than a subsistence wage should command every resource of law and order to ensure its permanency, while their own activities are watched, controlled and carried on with the strong hand of the law poised ready to strike the moment resignation passes into exasperation.

Some manifestations of this strong hand are not inspiring. On the trip up the hillside to the big Number Nine mine you pass a row of new company houses glistening in white paint that would not look out of place in some summer coast resort. But you also pass old company houses from which the union miners were evicted. And the contrast is too striking not to suggest a lesson belatedly learned. A palisade of rough planks not three hundred yards from the pit-head is explained for your benefit. Behind this palisade Negro strike-breakers are housed in a big boarding-house. The provision is doubtless a wise one, in everyone's interests. But the sight of labor held incommunicado is disquieting to the thinker. A little further on, and within hail of the armed mine police, is a space marked off by the roadside. Within this space and nowhere outside it, that "peaceful picketing" which the law permits as an extreme concession to the union men, may be exercised. The symbol used to mark off this neutral territory is the flag of the United States.

The rights and wrongs of the coal-mine strike have been examined and commented on in a host of news despatches and articles since the day the Jacksonville Agreement was terminated, and there seems to be little advantage in reopening the discussion in these columns. It may be mentioned in passing, however, that one of the things against which these slow-speaking and slow-thinking men can be most easily roused to protest is the idea that coal mining was ever a well-paid occupation, or that a margin exists which they can be called on to see cut further. Instances exist, they admit, where with exceptional luck in finding clean seams and with intense work for a ten- to fourteen-hour shift (with exhaustion to follow) a miner laboring on tonnage can earn wages amounting to as much as $70.00 in a week. To offset this rosy picture, they tell of days when, owing to a tough seam of slate having to be dynamited and shoveled away, as little as $1.40 a day will repay an equal amount of effort. An expert miner, one of the most respected in his union and company, assured me his annual payroll has never exceeded $1,800. Moreover, for a man who handles the electric cutter, a heavy proteid diet, with correspondingly heavy outlay on food, is essential. No family budget has to show so large an expenditure on meat as that of the coal miner.

The most urgent question just now, it seems to me, is how this brave and suffering population is to be assisted through a period of readjustment which is taking no heed of their individual value as men and citizens, still less of the precious hostages to fortune

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they have given the country in their children. Father Joseph Bednarik, the devoted priest who is grappling with the gloomy situation, put the case with terrible conciseness when he told me that, failing some amelioration, of which there is no sign at present, he sees nothing for it but the desertion of Avella by its population. Last week for the first time since the strike, the weekly relief which he has handled for a year on behalf of many charitable persons, business men and clergymen of Pittsburgh, among whom, naturally, Bishop Boyle has been prominent, the devoted sisterhood of Mount Mercy, and others, was suspended. Less than $50.00 remains in the treasury. Meat is eaten only once a week. Food has shrunk to a dietary associated rather with famine relief in the East than with our own citizenry—flour, macaroni—and rice. "When we get to rice. . . !" said a big miner to the writer, shrugging his shoulders, and left his sentence significantly unfinished.

The new configuration of society, where every problem, human and divine, seems condemned to wear an economic aspect, has made us a present of many ugly by-products. On one side is a growing bitterness, from which the Wise Man has told us no wisdom is to be expected. On the other is a theory, expressed or implied, that there can be such things as insoluble social problems, and that it may be a false mercy to delay the action of economic forces which will "iron out" the situation in time, though with as little respect for human creatures as natural laws show to bees and termites. In other words, what stands in most danger, and what it is the duty of those who think in their hearts rather than in their ledgers to salvage while there is time, is the dignity of labor and the safety of the individual laborer. A movement, already on foot within the Church, and of which more will be heard in time, looks to a new consecration of the worker to God and to a world-wide feast of Christ the Working Man. It is significant that its promoters are of the same race as so many of the hard-pressed cutters and tipplers in the Pennsylvania mines. To one writer, at least, who finds himself unable to forget in what scantily paid toil and in what dark and cheerless places the energy is generated that towers into palaces fretting the sky, and into what humble needs and pleasures, multiplied a millionfold, national prosperity strikes its roots, the spectacle of these poor people sinking from rude well-being into destitution has been profoundly moving. If it moves others to help, two unforgettable days spent among the "striking" miners of Avella will have been something better than a personal and poignant memory.

POINCARÉ AND FRENCH POLITICS

By JULES-BOIS

THOSE who visited France a few years ago, and who see the same country today, are struck by the serenity which has succeeded to the fever of post-war resettlement and by the quiet confidence in the future which has replaced the old anxieties and cares. To prophesy is always dangerous. It is enough to realize that on the morrow of the elections whose final results, still to be declared, will hardly affect the issue materially, all the portents are favorable to a coöperation if not a technical union between parties, to the great eventual benefit of France.

We may put aside for the moment a consideration of the two extreme groups, one on the left, one on the right of the chamber, which find themselves occasionally acting together on the famous principle that "extremes meet." What is apparent is that the national bloc has grown larger and that merely through the attraction into its ranks of the most prominent figures of the "cartel," in other words the party termed "radical-socialist," its character has changed. At one period of the term which has come to an end, this party held the balance of power, was unable to make practical use of it and was forced to delegate it, or at least to share it, with others. It would be overstating the case to predict that delicate shades of political thinking, always over-numerous in France, are henceforth bound to disappear. But in so far as the incoming government, composed as it is now sure to be, of men representing every nuance of opinion save communism and socialism, can be considered representative of the country at large, political parties, without surrendering their separate existence, seem inclined to adopt a middle ground and to unite whenever measures either of interior or exterior policy seem to be for the good of the country generally. The Locarno plan of M. Aristide Briand found the Senate unanimous in its support. The financial program of M. Raymond Poincaré had a majority behind it in the Chamber larger than the most optimistic had ventured to prophesy.

France, in a word, while still feeling the need of continuous effort and open discussion, which are necessary conditions in a free and progress-loving nation, is firmly orientated in the direction of peace and prosperity. And it is unquestionable that the common sense of the mass of our people has had a great deal to do with the good intentions manifested just now by our deputies and senators. In politics the fear of the elector is the beginning of wisdom.

Anti-clericalism is growing rarer and rarer and, in the eyes of intelligent men of all orders of thought, begins to appear a venerable relic of the past. Only a few weeks ago, while I was in Paris, M. Herriot, speaking before the Senate, addressed a striking com-

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pliment to the educational system of the Jesuits. The political elements at the left of the Chamber have understood, possibly for the first time, that the need of the hour is a rapprochement with the centre parties rather than further flirtations with those revolutionary elements which can be trusted to ruin the republic, and with it France, once power is in their hands. Inevitably these revolutionaries, communists, Marxists, or what-not, will form a noisy minority in the new parliament. The matter is of minor importance. To use a homely phrase, in the social as in the personal adventure, the devil must be given his due. No machine works safely without a safety valve. I believe it is our neighbors the English who were the first to set an example of the right spirit in which such things should be met. They do not care greatly what is said, being fully conscious that folly must first evaporate if common sense is to be left as a residue.

In such a time as this it would be injustice not to accord full credit to a man who, both before and after the war, made himself the standard bearer of the Union Sacrée. It is around the prestige attaching to his name that everything which is sound in the parliament and nation has rallied. Even the socialist party has offered M. Raymond Poincaré not much more than an academic opposition. The occasional breaking of lances between its chief, M. Leon Blum, and M. Poincaré, were conducted with all the courtesy of an old-time tourney. The former President of the republic, our premier today, belongs to one of the "great generations" of the nineteenth century. He is no less representative of the constructive spirit of post-war France. This spirit seeks to adjust itself more and more to social realities and to draw further and further away from ideological mirages. I do not know which is the more surprising, the supreme intelligence of M. Poincaré, or his extraordinary good luck, which our hard-pressed country shares with him and looks like sharing for a long time to come. Everything he undertakes seems to succeed.

In such a connection it is not unnatural to ask oneself: What psychological laws determine success? Rather than consult so-called experts, who in many cases are not capable of organizing their own existence, let us rather turn to those victorious beings, dear to old Plutarch, but who today must be content with the press as their biographer. These great men may be recognized first of all by their ability to carry everything through to fulfilment, even the difficult public business of their native countries. They have a happy knack of seizing fortunate chances as it were "on the wing." They have the art of turning the most sinister events to favorable uses. A rigid personal discipline has taught them to recognize utilizable elements in every conjuncture and, by turning them to account, to influence fate itself.

As an example of the formation of character, which alone permits durable success, to say nothing of the magnetism which is felt beyond the frontiers of a man's own country, Raymond Poincaré's personality is one that repays close study.

What innate and acquired virtues of this man of state most strike us as our study proceeds? Tireless activity, perseverance, dignity, an intelligence kept lucid by the tension of the will, a faculty for winning the respect even of his adversaries, an unconquerable belief in the destinies of his country. These are a few leading characteristics of the man's mind. He does not bulk before us as a giant, a colossus or a super-being. His is quite simply an intelligence in perfect equilibrium, its inherited qualities sharpened and perfected by practice. The true secret of his power is the completeness of his mentality. Here, intellectually and morally speaking, no lack is apparent. Such a compendium is rarely realized in a single individual.

Thought and action seem combined to produce the grave smile that is his habitual expression. Even his vivacity is of a prudent sort. He has kept the alert carriage of an old chasseur-alpin at an age when most men begin to slump and droop. France loves to see herself in him, and he to recognize himself in France. Now the characteristic of France is to think lucidly. Generally she knows quite well what she wants, and in doing whatever is necessary for achievement, she goes just as far as is needful. But her wishes are moderate ones.

Let us be quite clear as to what is meant by the term "moderate." Thiers has left the saying on record: "France will either be moderate or cease to exist." The Third Republic, which has already lasted sixty years (the average life of a man) has every chance in its favor precisely because, despite one perilous crisis after another, it has never failed to return to reason and conciliation. As it grows older it becomes wiser and more discreet. Neither communism nor Marxist socialism nor the immoderate nationalism which is equally disastrous, have laid any real hold upon it. The republic has known how to create an élite within its democracy and how to apply a natural check upon the impulses of that restless giant—the proletariat. Frenchmen of distinction (and this includes the peasant and skilled artisan of sound stock) are moderate by instinct. This does not prevent them from desiring reforms and even insisting they be as prompt and complete as possible. But your true Gallo-Latin averts his face from whatever is not "Athenian" in the aesthetic and philosophic sense of the term. He despises whatever is excessive, untimely, exaggerated, hence unsightly. This spirit of moderation, when accompanied, as in Poincaré's case, with eyes fixed upon a noble goal and hands busied with effective work, is the French ideal par excellence. It is the inherited sound sense of an ancient civilization—it is classic wisdom. Grown a habit, it means a judgment sound enough and action prompt enough to profit from evil accidents, however unexpectedly they arise, instead of foundering amid them.

Emerson has created a significant and far-reaching

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phrase: "The event is ancillary." And, in fact, for the man who has learned discipline and good measure, the event as it passes should be something subordinate —a servant, a means, an instrument, if you will, but never a master. Every accident, no matter how unforeseen or how loaded with peril, becomes a pliable and adaptable affair for the man with the wit and skill to take possession of it and, so to speak, break it in to his uses. If he is a good rider, an apt horsemaster, he will tame the event as a cowboy breaks his wild pony, and force it to carry him where and as far as he wills. If, on the other hand, he is a clumsy and timid rider, one of two things must happen to him. Either he will let the occasion pass him without an attempt to seize it, or, mounting it and unable to keep control, be carried over the precipice.

As happens with all true men of state, every event has found Raymond Poincaré ready. None has taken him by surprise. And why? Because from his childhood and school days, he has worked without ceasing, sharpening, tempering his will, concentrating his energies instead of dissipating them. He has never lost time either in loafing—that sloth of the body, nor in scepticism—that idleness of the spirit. He believes in the great principles by which men and nations should be led. As for repose, "time enough for that [the word is his own] when one is dead!"

One sometimes wonders how he finds time for everything and neglects nothing. Interminable receptions, a vast correspondence which he looks after personally and annotates in his fine regular handwriting, attendance at meetings where he is always ready to take part in the discussion, an eloquence which he does not save for the Senate or Chamber but willingly takes all over France and even further. His capacity for work, and for work at any hour, is as prodigious as his memory. He can recite, without omitting a comma's pause, a long speech which he has never reread since its phrases first flowed from his pen as he composed it.

This marvelous mental organism has one imperative driving force—service to his country. At every moment of his life, as the title of one of his books indicates, Au Service de la France, Raymond Poincaré has been in "French service." After having been in 1913 head of the Department of National Reconstruction, and later, as President, one of the artisans of the national victory, he is devoting himself today to victory in the realm of finance, as difficult as the other if not more so.

Raymond Poincaré has never been indifferent to the artistic mission of France abroad. None knows it better than men of letters like the writer. Many of us are not unmindful of what he has done for us. Personally, I have never forgotten for him that he found time and occasion to listen to certain poems of my own before they were read at the Odéon and the Comédie Française. He has always been ready to lend our literary and dramatic societies the aid of his counsel and experience. The Goncourt Academy largely owes its existence to him. He has been the legal advocate of many among us. At the Académie he takes his place no less as a man of letters than as a statesman. He who writes these lines has had the signal honor, as vice-president of the organization, of presenting Raymond Poincaré to the Société des Gens de Lettres, and of thus becoming a humble instrument of his election, naturally by a unanimous vote, as secretary to this organization of literary men.

To term Raymond Poincaré "formidable" would be a misnomer. Nevertheless there is, and men recognize it, something of aloofness—of mystery even—in his political personality. I recall a banquet some time before the war at which he was the guest of honor. When it came my turn to speak, I found myself irresistibly impelled to foretell that he would one day be President of the republic. All applauded my prophecy. He alone remained silent, without any false modesty but without either surprise or complacency appearing on his face. To appreciate the significance of the incident, remember that he is a native of Lorraine, and that Lorraine is the advanced outpost of old Gaul. In his vigilance at the post of honor and danger there has been and is something of the prophetic foresight of that other Lorrainer, Joan of Arc. Who shall say what inner voices this child of Bar-le-Duc, become the guardian of France and returning to the natal soil for his brief vacations, may harken to as he dreams upon the terrace of the beloved home at Sampigny? He too has known what it means to stand sentry. Sentry he stands today.

For what makes Poincaré the national statesman par excellence is his supreme act of faith in France. A positive surge of new vitality and will has answered his summons throughout the country. In the course of her history France, over and over again, has proved that with faith all things, or very nearly all things, are possible to her. "To doubt of France," Poincaré declared in a recent address, "is to be her assassin." To believe in her, on the contrary, is to help her to live and even to rise from the tomb. Poincaré stands foursquare at the helm of the ship of state, and the result of the new elections shows a strong national desire that he stay there. The financial recovery alone which he has accomplished is prodigious. The traditional "woolen stocking" has been opened wide at his call in the most remote country districts. Exiled capital has returned and taken the way of French finance. Heavy as taxes remain, the amelioration grows more marked from day to day. By its actions and by its sacrifices, France seems to be saying to Poincaré: "You have had faith in me: I have confidence in you. You asked for my blood. I gave it. You ask for my gold, which is more than gold—which is the sweat of my brow, the bread of my children. Here it is! Others, who spoke very like you, left me hesitant. There is something in the sound of your voice that convinces me. Lead on, and I follow!"

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IN MEMORIAM: ED DOONER

A FOREWORD BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

YEARS ago—in 1922, to be exact—I wrote to Christopher Morley, when that Elizabethan spirit, who has been so oddly and gallantly incarnated in these less spacious days, was making life jolly and rich for his readers on The Bowling Green, in the Evening Post: the best newspaper column, in my opinion, that has ever graced a newspaper with the sole exception of Philip Hale's unique Talk of the Day, in the Boston Journal, in the long ago. One of Mr. Morley's correspondents had asked if his other readers knew anything about Dooner's Hotel, in Philadelphia. I replied as follows:

> Sir: Do I know Dooner's Hotel? Only imperfectly, fleetingly, in passing, and I long to know more. Do tell us; for not only I but all your clients should know Dooner's Hotel. Yet I know it better than I know any other part of Philadelphia, and for me Dooner's Hotel has cast a spell of enchantment that includes the city. Times beyond counting I have passed through Philadelphia, and three times out of the four occasions when it was my fortunate fate to spend a few hours between trains in Philadelphia, I ate at Dooner's. There I first had scrapple and snapper soup. I was inducted into the use of these noble ritual viands by a Catholic priest. He it was who took me to Dooner's. I telephoned him from Broad Street Station. "Meet me at Dooner's," he directed. I walked there, through a street that romantically passed through a huge pile of buildings—municipal, I suppose—and through an incredible stream of automobiles and people. "Can this be Philadelphia, the slow, the somnolent Philadelphia of the jokes I've heard all my life?" I wondered. There was a drizzle. Night was at hand, but not yet arrived. There was a vast department store. There was a dime museum with a barker hard at work on its old-fashioned steps. There were movie theatres right and left. And through the grey drizzle that unending multitude of people streamed both ways, and criss-cross: apparently a world without end, and without rest, and, for all I could imagine, without purpose; a population ensnared by sorcery, wandering in mean streets, full of dull, brazen clangor, in a fog, in a city that had forgotten that skies could be blue and that there was a God Who had made the sun.
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> But then I reached Dooner's, in a by-street. I seemed to step at one stride into an inn full of peace in an old, quiet town at the other end of the world, yet a town that, for all its quiet, was a port for deep-sea sailors, a haven for strange adventurers. The men reading newspapers in the little lobby to the left of the desk as you enter seemed intent upon passing the time away till the hour struck for them to go on board their vessels, or to leave for mines in Mexico, or for the headquarters of the Sinn Fein in Dublin. The discreet Negro waiters in the homely, quiet dining-room seemed to have been trained in the school of some tavern keeper who had been the friend of Dumas or of George Augustus Sala. They were friendly without familiarity, dignified yet not condescending, and when the one who waited on me brought the red-snapper soup his air was that of one who thoroughly appreciated the importance of red-snapper soup, yet who would not make a fuss even about red-snapper soup. And then my host, the priest, after he had tasted the soup and had nodded to the waiter as one initiate recognizes the merit of another, talked to me—ah, how he talked! He talked so that now I remember Dooner's as one of the few places in this world, from Rome to San Francisco, from Toronto to Panama, where I really enjoyed one of civilization's fast vanishing attributes—the noble art of true conversation. Mysticism was the theme. Mine was the part of the questioner, the listener, a part to be envied in such a case. I learned of Molinos the Quietist. I was told of the three Dark Nights as distinguished by Saint John of the Cross. I was led along the road of the Ascent of Mount Carmel. There was the curious narrative of an exorcism—in Brooklyn, of all places under the sun! And when, leaving Dooner's, I hurried back to Broad Street Station through the lessened yet still considerable throng, Dooner's Hotel and the priest between them had banished the mood in which I had beheld all these dear humans—men, women, and children—as victims of the dull sorcery of use, and wont, and commercial ugliness—Dooner's had proved that there were places of adventure, byways of romance, amid this grey jumble, and the priest had made me think of men and women, and children as most romantic and most truly adventurous pilgrims, immortal souls questing after life and light and liberty through all the greyness and the clangor and the jumble.

Christopher Morley printed my letter; and I preserved the clipping because it revived memories, not only of Dooner's but also of a few other inns I have known that had the same rare quality; Coppa's in San Francisco (a ghost inn now, haunted by the shades of George Sterling and Jack London and many others) but still remembered wistfully among the living by James Hopper and Porter Garnett and Mary Austin; and The Bell in Hand, in Pie Alley, Boston, where musty ale and mutton pies and cheese were to be had that no longer exist in a land desolated by Volsteadism; and two or three places in old Monterey in California —El Adobe and Pop Ernst's restaurant. And then, the other day, I read that Dooner was dead, and I wired to Morley:

> Will you not write about the late Edward J. Dooner and his charming hotel for The Commonweal?

Morley, that sturdy guildsman of the high art and mystery of letters and life, sent me the following answer:

> Dear Michael Williams:—Forgive my delay re the Dooner telegram. I've just been tottering about after grippe and the whole damned family's been laid up. The

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night before your telegram arrived I had written a long letter to Tom Daly asking him to do us a Dooner piece for the Saturday Review. Pressures upon me are so strong just now that there isn't anything I can send you except—in case there's any way you'd like to use it—a copy which I kept for myself, to remind myself of Dooner days, of my letter to Tom. By coincidence, Tom called up here this morning, on his way to Fordham, and I told him I was going to give you this copy of my letter on the off chance that you might see in it something you wanted to reprint.

But whether you use it or not, here 'tis with my best regards. Wish I could do more but I'm up to my snout. Tom has promised to give us something in the way of a leading essay, on Doonerism in general, for the S. R. Here's luck, Yours, Christopher Morley.

But better even than that brave letter is what Morley wrote to Tom Daly. What Daly will make of Dooner and Doonerism is a thought that will keep all who know (as all ought to know) that men like Dooner, and taverns such as Dooner kept, are veritably springs of inspiration of literature, keenly expectant of a masterpiece.

A LETTER TO TOM DALY FROM CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Tom darling, I see in the paper tonight that Ed Dooner's dead. Won't you write a piece about him; I mean a real whale of a piece like you damn well ought to, a piece that wallows in the deep, rises to the top here and there to snoof an iridescent shower and then slabsides downward again into the lazy greenwards like that blessed young whale I saw from the Caronia's topsides just gently loitering himself in the warm Atlantic one day last August. . . . So should you meander yourself in this piece, it must be something that'll get reprinted from here to Kingdom West, all full of the endless decencies of those hambone and whisky days, the litry associations of the dear old hotel, how it was as masculine as firemen's suspenders and the sort of place where bishops and men with bubuckle noses both felt equally at home, like the immortal Conniving House of Irish fame; a tavern where there was neither pimping nor skimping but where any of the genuine kidney, from Shakespeare to Lew Fields, would have known themselves somewhere near the third waistcoat button of life.

Ed was the one I knew, wasn't he? the quiet gentlemanly fellow with glimmering eyes, eyes just a little moistened always, so that one rather wanted to take just the torn-off corner of a very soft piece of blotting paper and seep them a bit; and a sadness that slipped in and out of his face, and he was fond of music. I imagine a piece that would have in it the best of Ed and the best of You and the best of the Dooners you introduced me to, the colored waiters and the old mosaic above the bar, and Lord do you remember that hottest of hell's hot days in early summer, 1917, when I first had lunch with you there? and we ate steaming hot ham in our shirt sleeves and drank shandygaff, I think, though maybe you insisted on whisky? And then ice cream; but we were so much in love with each other we didn't care how hot the food was. . . . My eye slips away from this typewriter to the little painting of a bull terrier's head that hung over the old cashier's desk in the dining-room (I think that's where it was) that you salvaged for me when the place broke up . . . together with those dear old Dooner spoons and cruets and things you got for me, bless your old skull. . . .

Such a piece might drag literature into the picture ever and anon: and gosh knows it's fair enough to regard Dooner's as a sort of symbolic provincial Mermaid Tavern, for surely there as much as any place in Philadelphia (if my guess is right) the essence that lies behind literature and all the arts was alive and frolic; and I can see Ed coming up so very quietly to our table to ask you if everything was jake. Why do I associate him with the violin? Did he have a son who was a violinist, or something of that sort? Or am I dreaming? The floor was squares of black and white tile, wasn't it? I was always pleased by the little photo in the lobby, of Morley's Hotel in Trafalgar Square, that famous old hostelry also abdicated from its destiny. I remember the tablet on the Ludlow Street corner. And who forgets the great party we had on the occasion of the Three Hrs for Lunch Club official visit to Philadelphia, which must have been one of the last of Dooner's great affairs?

It must have been a good life to be an innkeeper of that sort. There was charity in it, there was honor in it, there was merriment, there was always enough annoyance and complication and care to keep one busy and alert and free from the morbid dubiousness of the poet or philosopher. By running it for gents only, one purged away many of the vexing problems that presumably harass the general roof-giver. I want to see you sit down and let the old pen and the flagon of green ink just mosey about the general idea of Ed Dooner, the quiet artist in living, and Dooner's, the Institution, and the whole theory of the host and how it is that literature is likely to get itself born around and about such places where the piddling and the picayune and the petit larceny of life get brushed away and we feel that we are larger than we know. There was something essentially Catholic, I mean Papist, about that place as I remember it: one surrendered to it as the troubled soul does (eventually, I dare say) to the Church Universal. It was a Steve O'Grady kind of place; a parish priest kind of place; I expect there was usually some dust under the beds, and the engravings on the walls were sure to be of the Landseer type; the ventilation was dense, and I expect some of the guests slept in their union suits; yet there was a

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kind of obese holiness about it too. (I mustn't go on like this, but I want somehow by hook or by crook —shepherd's crook—to get you steamed up with the idea of doing a piece about Dooner's that will bug out the eyes of the uninitiate, and will, after being printed in the Sat Rev, make a little book that we will get printed for next Christmastime; I'll get Doubleday or Harcourt or anyone you say to make the most lovely little book out of it you ever saw and it will be a classic in its own kind.)

Because the gist of Dooner's, as I think about it this moment, was that the right kind of person knew as soon as he stepped into it that it was real. The steam that floated up from those plates of cabbage was a genuine exhalation: the perspiration on the coon waiters was actual sweat: the men who sat at the little tables in the barroom for their lunch were identifiable as comic and struggling human beings, destined for agony and disappointment and bawdy stories. It was a Liam O'Flaherty and Shaemas Stephens sort of place, a John Drew and Otis Skinner sort of place, a place for mannerly old troupers and I imagine for cagy old ward leaders with hairy ears, well pickled in a thousand vats of compromise and graft, all the good-tempered, grizzling ruffians who live by their wits and by knowing how easy most of us are.

I suppose any man who sees that long procession of human life go past maybe gets that sad look in his eyes that Ed Dooner had. . . . But listen, you're writing this piece, not me. I want you to reach up and grab holt of something high and queer and shiny and lean on it and let loose a picture of what Dooner's meant. A Mark Twain kind of place. An Edgar Allan Poe kind of place. A fireman save my child kind of place. A sleep with the window closed kind of place and hang your scapular on the back of a chair. A terrapin soup and catch the late train for Villanova kind of place. (I hear you grunting.) A Comédie Humaine kind of place. A Joyce Kilmer kind of place.

And you, old shark, are the lad to sit down and do for the vanished Dooner's what Lamb did (let's say) for the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple . . . who were not baseball players as the youngest generation probably imagine.

Send me the copy and watch my smoke.

God bless you. David Bone is due in tonight, after being away three months on a Mediterranean cruise and a winter lay-up. I hope to see him tomorrow, and I shall tell everyone I meet that you are going to do the trick about Dooner's. Then I'll tell you (when it's done) my schemes for marketing it as a little book next fall. Your fortune is made.

Hey: my love to The Cravenbird, Jim the Quiz-editor; and where is Bart up to these days? Damme, I'm coming over some day to have lunch with youse guys: but I'm working trying to write a book. It's a fact, a Book.

I think affectionately of Ed Dooner, although I knew him so little.

WHAT IS NATURE?

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

JUST outside my bedroom window stands an old blackjack tree that rears boldly against the building. Its stiff leaves yield stubbornly to the strong breezes. With the aid of the corner of the porch column, the leaves and a few sprays on one dark branch draw a very prominent cartoon. The face of this picture is made more austere by wearing spectacles. The cartoon appears so real that I find it quite impossible to remove my eyes from it for any great length of time.

From my study, as I gaze directly across the tops of the trees toward Orchard Knob (where General U. S. Grant, in his ardor in observing the battle of Missionary Ridge, thought he was smoking cigars, when, according to some reports, he was simply lighting them and throwing them down) I see a large capital N that is made of the foliage of a tree hoisted in the air by a branch with nothing but the horizon for a background. Turning from this natural curiosity, as I look across the hall to my left, there stares into my face a large capital H, made by a natural grafting of two beech trees. When I am called to the front window to behold a beautiful sunset, the crowns of a mulberry and an elm tree interlock so as to suspend before my eyes a large A.

Is nature in some mysterious manner trying to convey a message to me? In the past, the earth has had its multitude of human beings who reverently looked on such natural accidental curiosities as a "sign" or "omen" good or bad. And with all our enlightenment, with the aid of science and invention, superstition has not yet quite died out, even in civilized countries.

I do not believe the Creator tries to convey to the human race written messages in any such manner. While I appreciate the beauty and wisdom that find expression through nature, to me there are no signs of communication like those mentioned above. Yet I can relate a most interesting and unusual experience.

A few years ago my boy was run down and killed by an automobile. Shortly after the accident, on the window screen in my bedroom in the evening there was discovered a perfect bust silhouette of my child. The most expert sculptor the world has ever produced could not have made a bust statue from life that would have cast a more perfect shadow than this one. Every evening it appeared on the window screen, and was observed with a great deal of pleasure by members of my own family and by my friends. For a month it remained, and then it disappeared forever. Latent germs of superstition were stirred to action, and the observation brought meditations on the subject that really opened up a receptive space for favorable entertainment of the interpretation of this strange but welcome shadow. One evening, just before the shadow disappeared, it was observed moving up and down, and as the wind was blowing, we observed that the top of a princess tree standing between us and the street light on the next corner was tossing about in like manner. Although we could not see that the shadow was dependent on anything, we concluded that it was being made by some of the many seed pods that were being tossed to and fro in the breeze. If there was anything deeper than a beautiful imaginary story which I made of this observation, I must confess that I possess an intellect for too stupid for nature to break through.

But there is a sweet mental fragrance that perfumes the atmosphere far down the years from such an experience, even though it has its birth in a bitter and shocking tragedy. It takes time to ripen the hard bitter fruit. The seed balls of

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the horse-nettle are bitter and rather offensive in summer and fall, but if they are placed on the mantel in the sitting-room, the occupants will be pleasantly surprised some cold mid-winter evening when the room will be strangely but delicately perfumed with an aroma that possesses an original savor all its own. So are many of our misfortunes and sorrows!

Every living creature is endowed with the ability to perform its function in life, and each one seems to be able to capture from the Creative Mind enough mental fragments to bring its species to success when properly employed. For example, one would scarcely believe that a creature like the common earthworm, so long considered blind, would have the instinct to perform any act bearing evidence of intelligence. Yet I have observed an earthworm about three inches long dragging its maimed body across a hot cement sidewalk. A gardener's hoe had almost severed it in the middle. It had arranged the first half of its body alongside the hinder part and had securely wrapped and tied the helpless to the active part. It was actually making a fair rate of speed across the sidewalk when I gave it a helping hand. The earthworm seems to know how to tie a knot as necessity demands, as well as the greenbrier knows how to tie a knot with its tough tendril in anchoring its body to a strong support. Before a boy scout becomes a tenderfoot he must pass an examination in knot-tying. I suggest that he might also learn to tie the knots of the earthworm and greenbrier!

A legible letter may be written on the typewriter with nothing more than a green basswood leaf for a ribbon. Now many readers will be anxious to make the experiment for the sake of investigation, and when they have proved it true, their minds will be testing the depths of nature and science for another revelation of some secret. This is nature's way. In this manner and by it alone do we advance intellectually. Necessity does not demand it in this instance, and herein is where the mind of man differs radically from the instinct of plants and animals, which are ever seeking that which will contribute to their physical welfare. For example, from my study window I have been observing two bluejays busily testing the twigs of a persimmon tree in my yard to ascertain the ones that are dead. The bird takes hold of a small twig with its beak and gives it a short, sharp twist and if the twig is dead it breaks off. The bird then takes it to its nest for building material. When the leaves appear on the tree, I believe the birds will be able to distinguish the dead twigs from the green ones without the beak test. It is very important that the chimney-swift be able to determine dead twigs from green ones, for it takes its nesting material while in swift flight.

Whatever nature may be, today she certainly needs a new interpretation or a new definition for a great many people. How often I hear intelligent people thoughtlessly remark that nature is God! Nature is no more God than a fine painting is the painter, or a good book the author. Sometimes one becomes so enthusiastic in the study of nature that he gets that which is created sadly confused with the Creator. Some are inclined to look on nature as a great puzzle. Some see it as a living proof of the mistakes of God while others regard it as the record of the Creator's struggles in a wonderful, daring and admirable attempt to achieve a masterpiece.

If all the planetoids that lie between Mars and Jupiter were collected and melted together, an orderly and normal-sized planet would result. If all the fragments of wisdom that are found in the plant and animal life beneath man were collected and united into one, then we could know to a certain extent the mind of the Creator.

THE SILVER BIBLE OF UPSALA

By RODERICK GILL

THE American Scandinavian Review has recently presented a Swedish number of unusual interest. Among its features is an account of the Silver Bible of Upsala, a limited edition of which, in photographic reprint, has just been issued in celebration of the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Sweden's ancient university.

The story of this invaluable manuscript as given by Naboth Hedin, chief of the Swedish-American News Exchange, may be supplemented by a few notes which will prove valuable to our readers. The history of this Liber Argenteus goes as far back as the sixth century, when the manuscript was transcribed probably in the Po valley, near Ravenna, northern Italy. It was not until 1550 that it came to light in the monastery of Werden, Germany, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century it was removed to the imperial treasury in Prague, where it was seized during the Thirty Years' War and carried off by a raiding force from Sweden. Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustav Adolf, allowed her Dutch historian, Vossius, to take it away into Holland, where it was found by Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie, who supplied it with a splendid silver covering and presented it to the university library of Upsala in 1669.

Mr. Hedin informs us that the manuscript is badly worn from many hands, entire pages are missing and the metallic lettering—which investigations have proved to be made entirely by hand, not by stamps as was once supposed—requires the diligent reading of philologists. The text of gold and silver on purple parchment is one of very great beauty and apparently the work of two different scribes.

While Ulfilas, the apostle of the Goths, is believed to have translated the entire Bible, all that it left of his work are a few chapters of the Old Testament and the Gospels of Saints Matthew, John, Mark and Luke—the only complete Gospel being that of Saint Mark.

Ulfilas, who was probably of Christian birth, was of Cappadocian, not Teutonic origin. His home was Constantinople and his consecration as bishop came through Eusebius, the celebrated Arian bishop of Nicomedia. When about forty years of age he conceived the plan to translate the Holy Scriptures into the language of the Goths of Dacia and Moesia, among whom his missionary years were passed. He used the Greek Septuagint for the Old Testament and the original Greek transcripts of the New Testament. His adherence to the Arian heresy, which persisted to the end of his life, deprived his work of permanent influence and wrought havoc among his Teutonic converts from paganism. Other parts of his work not surviving in the Silver Book of Upsala are included in Cardinal Mai's edition of the Milanese Codex, e. g., the Epistles of Saint Paul; and the Epistle to the Romans in fragmentary form in the Wolfenbüttel palimpsest.

As a preliminary to Ulfilas's versions, it was necessary for him to invent an alphabet for the Goths, a task simple enough for a student of Greek with the addition of a few letters from the Latin and the Runic. The new edition of the Codex Argenteus of the University of Upsala—a triumph for the scholarship and presses of Sweden—is not on sale and is limited to 500 copies for distribution among the great libraries and universities of the world. It will insure the perpetuation of this priceless document, long in danger of loss and destruction, and enable scholars to use it without the risk of further damage to the original manuscript.

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POEMS OF MIGUEL AGUSTÍN PRO JUÁREZ

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

(Father Miguel Agustín Pro Juárez, S.J., whose martyrdom last November in the cause of the liberties of the Church in Mexico was described in The Commonweal of February 8, 1928, has left behind him a number of poems which qualify him for a high place in literature. He was a native of Zacatecas, where he was born on January 12, 1891. A youth of excellent family, he was always a practical Catholic and for years a member of the Association of Catholic Mexican Young Men. On August 10, 1911, he was enrolled in the Society of Jesus, and completed his studies at Enghien, Brussels, where he was ordained to the priesthood in 1925. During the year 1925-1926, he had to undergo a series of operations, when, although his health was very much impaired, the Jesuit provincial recalled him to Mexico, just at the crisis caused by the laws of July 31, which deprived the clergy of their free right of officiating for the faithful. Father Pro's memory will always be a sacred possession of the Society of Jesus and the hearts of all faithful Mexicans.—The Editors.)

Souls

Take all away, Lord, leave me but my souls—
  Take health and fortune and fair name,
But cool my zeal, let not love's aureoles
  Sear my weak spirit with such flame.

Grant exile, loneliness and poverty,
  Without a friendly hand to stay
My tears, deny my mother's kiss to me—
  But grant me sinners, Lord, I pray!

Let sorrows rack me, absent friend deny,
  Nor ever voice respond to mine;
On my harsh road of life let none come by
  To help me 'neath the Cross divine.

I'll not complain if with a Father's hand
  You put me to the tests most grave;
I yield, my God, the joyance of this land,
  So You but grant me souls to save.

'Tis the one favor that I ask below,
  Though it prolong my exile drear,
Could I but one poor soul redemption show,
  Postpone my bliss and leave me here.

For, I would rescue all whom sins enchain
  On evil pathways, evil days;
Oh, let my voice the fertile graces gain
  To cry the world Your holy ways!

Your love is all—the all of wealth and fame,
  Of pleasure, fatherland and pride;
And how can one who knows its ardent flame
  Turn ever from such Heart aside?

Jesus, oh, grant me part in such a thirst
  As on the Cross with sinners pled;
Give to my words Your saints' divine outburst,
  Their mighty zeal, the love they spread.

Zeal is the fire Your love for us inflames—
  The light that shines from out Your Heart,
The crown that on Your sacred head proclaims
  In thorns the price that is Your part.

May my poor heart that fain would lean on Yours,
  Inflamed with ne'er-extinguished fire
Learn of that Sacred Heart the apertures
  Where love's disciples found desire.

Love of my God—I burrow in Your breast;
  You only can suffice, O Spring
Of every good! Your victim, for the rest,
  I claim You—asking not another thing.

From the French.

My Brother Souls

For you is my singing
Wrought on the anvils of grief;
For you—no banners swinging—
No homes—no love, no relief—

Dear souls whom untold exiles slay,
  Whose lot is dire, whose wounds are bare—
You of the dismal nights that drag their way
Through glooms infernal—brothers, yea,
  With whom in woes I share;

Swallows are ye that seek no spring
  Nor nest-place in your exiles far,
Souls, who each morn on martyr wing
Fare on sad lonely wandering,
  Brothers of grief we are.

O brother souls, strong hearts that wage
  The lofty battles never done,
Lifting your brows and burdens to engage
And smile at wounds that are your gage,
  And bitter guerdons won!

O giant souls, that wander on the roads
  Where not a loving hand extends to greet,
Nor welcome ever grant this world's abodes,
Nor recognize what precious lodes
  In sorrows fountains meet!

Swallows that know no nest nor May,
  But 'gainst blusterous tempests hurled,
Orphaned and homeless, stricken they,
My brothers, whose dried tears betray
  How hollow is the world.

Seek not on earth the shrunken streams
  Of love—poor souls, ye seek in vain;
Your thirst for love's celestial dreams
Alone shall trace the flood that beams
  Athwart God's high domain.

From the Spanish.

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COMMUNICATIONS

PARADOX AND PROPHECY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—The stimulating prophecies of Reverend C. C. Martindale in two February numbers of The Commonweal present ideas both amazing and new. If the prophecies should "happen," some of us, at least, would think it "bad," very bad indeed. It is good, however, to have them put before us if only to counter them by other ideas. "The twentieth Pope from now," talking Chinese and reigning "maybe from Lhasa"? O, never! It could not be!—And all the oriental religions Christianized from that new centre? How impossible to conceive!

Years ago, before his conversion to Catholicity, the brilliant G. K. Chesterton wrote somewhere of the tendency to emphasize "how much Christianity and Buddhism are alike, especially Buddhism." To him Buddhism seeemd the very antithesis of Christianity, not even based upon virtues that would grow the Christian product. Evidently Father Martindale thinks differently since the "firm social systems" produced by the religions of the Orient seem to him capable of enduring beyond our own. And they are amazing to contemplate, those oriental civilizations which extend into a past far more remote than the transient glories which were Nineveh and Rome, and which today are "firm" while in the West pagan conditions of thought and education threaten to dissipate in one generation the entire social fabric laboriously built up during sixteen centuries at infinite sacrifice, by the unifying discipline of the Church of Rome. I say sixteen centuries, for ever since the Reformation the solvent has been at work, and the great war which precipitated the crisis was but the logical outcome of tearing from the grip of Rome those forces of individualism which at that time were set free to divide and distract the human will.

In contrast to the present chaotic social conditions of the West, the oriental mind seems to present a picture of stability reassuring to contemplate, especially when we see Catholic bishops, worthy of the dignity, raised up in China and in Japan as they long had been in India. What, then, is the relation of the two civilizations; that of the West developed under the unity of idea and steadfast, objective grip of Rome; that of the East based on mysticism held in check by a rigid external formalism, and yet leaving the mind essentially free and unhampered by dogmas?

Undoubtedly the point of contact between the Catholic social system and that of the Orient is the insistence that the passions and appetites of man be brought under the control of his reason and his will in conformity to a fixed standard of ethical behavior. Any people dominated by such idealism (and this notwithstanding personal lapses) will endure; and none has ever perished from the earth except through an abandonment of its ideals and restraints.

But to speak more plainly. As society is composed of men and women, the relation of the sexes and the ideals governing that relation are the most significant factor in any civilization. Where looseness reigns, degeneracy begins, and with degeneracy comes a lowering of the faculties of mind, followed by complete loss of normal intelligence. Scientific investigation proves conclusively that the Commandments are as necessary to save the intelligence of the race as they are for the salvation of the individual soul. Thus the moral collapse so alarming in the West must be considered the exact measure of its abandonment of those same standards.

In India and China the social system remains "firm" because, with the great masses of the people, the standard of moral purity and the restraints imposed to preserve those standards still hold sway. Child-marriage and purdah have been imposed upon Indian women and have been accepted by them as a willing sacrifice, offered up so that the race might endure. In China the social system has been made "firm" by torturing the feet of woman so those feet could not stray. At this price the purity of the race has been assured.

But can this enforced purity, of fact, stand firm against the onrush of ideas of freedom for women imported from the West? When feet are allowed to develop, and the ideas of "rights" takes the place of "duties," and personal indulgence becomes the possibility of all, can a Christianized Buddhism or Confucianism save the oriental social system without an individual submission to the yoke of Christ and without supernatural strength being received through the sacraments of the Church? History offers no example anywhere of such a phenomenon.

Where, then, in the objective can help be found except under the banner of Christ's Vicar, ordained by Him to remain upon earth—Christ's Vicar, the Bishop of Rome? What! Shall a Pope reign from Lhasa? Can the centre of earth indeed be changed?

Rapidly today world currents are sweeping mankind into new groups, and out of the myriad divisions and subdivisions of the race two centripetal points are drawing all men to themselves—two armies ready to do battle one against the other: men of good and men of evil will. In these two camps all other distinctions and differences will be swallowed up. Then indeed there will follow the onslaught of "Michael versus Satan—Babylon against Sion—world-wanton against Christ's Spouse—wild beast against the Lamb." But the victory—however long delayed—is certain. Then, "overwhelmingly" will come "out of the trivial anguish of the moment" the glory of the eternal awakening—spirit triumphant over flesh, for indeed "we are in Christ and Christ is in us."

ELIZABETH S. KITE.

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In a former communication to The Commonweal, I made the statement that I was convinced prohibition had brought about a remarkable improvement in social conditions as compared with the social conditions that existed prior to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, and that the large consumption of alcoholic beverages had been very materially decreased by prohibition. I also made a most natural statement that personal observation rather than statistics had convinced me of the reality of improved conditions. I believe it is true of almost every individual that statistics leave him unconvinced unless his personal observation is satisfied with the interpretation he drew from the mass of statistics investigated. As a matter of fact the weight of statistics bears out my observations, and to Mr. John M. Gibbons, who has twice taken exception to my statements on this point, I refer the Congressional Record of the Sixty-ninth Congress for statistics; there he can find much to ponder over which relates to this subject.

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By way of answer to a direct request of Mr. Gibbons, I do know of cases in which those addicted to excess in alcoholic drink before prohibition, have since been saved from their predicament by prohibition, or say, perhaps, by some agency of special grace. But these cases have no important bearing on the statement I make with which he disagrees. No law that prohibits will entirely prevent, but merely restricts, and any effective remedial measure dealing with alcohol must do its work among the masses in general long before the state of addiction to drink has been reached. We cannot expect our laws to have the force of special grace, which cures of this kind would seem to necessitate.

Mr. Gibbons would find a welcome should he happen to come to Pittsburgh, but I stand firm and emphatic as heretofore not to disclose to him any personal cases of past misfortune of this nature. He should be able to find a much better way to check up on a dry observer's views. But as he has made a second request for this kind of information, I judge that we have reached a complete disagreement on the matter.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

POETS AND ANTHOLOGISTS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal may be interested in publishing in its correspondence column the following interchange of verses between two well-known antagonists:

A Modern Poet to a Modern Anthologist:
"My wily friend, you write to me
To ask if you may use my verses
In your Fireside Anthology,
And I with my politest curses
Say No—just let my poems be!
A second letter from your hand
Offers a guinea as a fee
For every lyric, but I stand
Against you inexorably.
My publishers and I have found
It does not help our sale, you see,
The way your handbooks get around.
There must be cash in poetry.
Six copies of my Delphic Lyre
Were purchased by Aunt Eugénie
Just as the binders had a fire
And that was my catastrophe.
I claim the British copyright
Though Yankee pirates now are free
To crib my work unless I fight
To print my verse across the sea.
You know my Old Dog Snoodles are
As popular as lines can be;
My book has never traveled far
But these are still my treasury.
Reprint them not a single word
(Please, no post-office registry)
Though they be never seen or heard,
They are my private property."

Response of the Modern Anthologist:
"Good Sir, I know I do not need
Permission to reprint your stuff;
In every advertising screed
I find them quoted wide enough.
You are a poet and I say
You live upon the public's favor;
You got your check the usual way
On first appearance. Your behavior
Would choke your proper recognition;
You think the brave anthologist
Is but a robber mechanician—
Ah, could you see his empty fist,
You'd know he was a pauper brother.
Do you believe that he can make
A living for his poor old mother
When you yourself—Oh, come awake!
You're in a nightmare—you will smother!"

OLIVER BRADY GOLDSMITH.

THE RACK-TENDERS' ASSOCIATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your editorial of April 4, 1928, Pagans, Old and New, calls attention to the fact that magazines (the Atlantic Monthly, the Forum, the North American Review, Scribners, etc.) are giving space, month by month, to views on the religious position within and without the Church. May I quote from this splendid article the following: "The parallels between the old civilization and the new are too striking not to tempt many writers and thinkers to an analogy that is at least as full of pitfalls as suggestion." And further: "Christianity today must be preached to a generation obsessed by the alternative vision which science, physical and psychological, is offering it."

The Holy Father has recently made plain, in a letter to the bishops of the Church, the necessity for coöperation between the clergy and the laity.

A very effective manner of educating Catholics in the truths of the Faith, and of convincing non-Catholics, is by means of pamphlets.

The R. T. A. (Rack-Tenders' Association) of the Paulist League, composed of a number of lay people, men and women, was organized to spread information concerning the Church by means of pamphlets placed in bookracks in churches, on newsstands and in other suitable places. These sell for $.05 and many churches throughout the country have installed racks, helping the good work of spreading Catholic truth, and also showing a profit. The bookrack is placed in a conspicuous, well-lighted place and is looked after by someone who sees that it is well filled, and kept in order, and returns are checked frequently. The price of the pamphlet can be shown on the compartment, and money deposited in a coin box near at hand. Attention is called to the rack from time to time by the pastor from the pulpit.

Pamphlets on apologetics, devotion, doctrine, history, morals, Scripture, etc., can be secured and will prove helpful to Catholics when they are questioned regarding the Faith. Sensible explanations are helpful in awakening non-Catholic minds to the truth, or in removing doubts.

Information can be secured from the Secretary, R. T. A., 411 West 59th Street, New York City, should pastors or others be interested.

WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGIVNEY.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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THE PLAY AND THE SCREEN

By R. DANA SKINNER

Behold—the Speaking Movie!

FOR many months we have seen and heard reproductions on the Vitaphone, the Movietone and other adaptations of the method of recording sound by light waves simultaneously with the screening of a picture. Most of these exhibitions have been merely carefully staged scenes—a speech by some notable, an aria by some well-known singer, a concert by a band or orchestra, or the reproductions of choirs such as the Vatican singers. Naturally this has aroused considerable speculation as to the practicability of screening full motion-picture stories with dialogue. And now we have a fairly good example of the first efforts in this direction in the Warner Brothers production of Glorious Betsy—a fictitious and much distorted story based on the life and royal romance of Betsy Patterson of Baltimore, who married Jerome, youngest brother of Napoleon.

The motion picture itself, in this case, can be quickly dismissed. It is a fair to average screen presentation, in which the weak-willed Jerome is turned into a hero, in which, after defying the emperor, he returns to Betsy in Baltimore. The fact that Napoleon annulled the marriage in defiance of the Pope, and that Jerome actually consented to a marriage with a Wurttemberg princess and won, in exchange for his infidelity to Betsy and the Church, the crown of Westphalia, is passed over, and history lightly twisted to serve the purposes of a happy ending. This robs it of any significance as a historical picture. Dramatic license on screen and stage often makes use of purely fictitious incidents, but broadly speaking they are not used to defy completely historical fact. There is a broad and important distinction between historical fiction and fictional history. Glorious Betsy belongs to the latter class of work and has, therefore, none of the importance with which Warner Brothers seek to invest it.

The only real importance of the film lies in its occasional use of spoken dialogue, in the curious effect that produces, and in the hint it gives of a future technique for the speaking screen. As in many previous films, the orchestral accompaniment is recorded throughout, thus obtaining perfect synchronization with the movement of the story. So far, so good. Then, at rare moments, the sound of this accompaniment almost fades out, and with a startling abruptness the characters begin to speak. The actual reproduction of the voices, as of the music, is quite good. In this respect, the Vitaphone already stands for a serious and dignified accomplishment. The trouble lies, not in the mechanics of the method, but in its disconcerting effect as now employed. What it actually does is to break the sense of illusion, particularly in the case of Conrad Nagel as young Jerome. Miss Costello as Betsy manages fairly well. She modulates her voice carefully. But Mr. Nagel, speaking with no attempt at French accent, becomes, not Jerome Bonaparte, but an English-speaking actor making an unduly loud noise. The only thoroughly effective moment in the speaking part of the film is where Andrea de Segurola, as a French captain, sings the Marseillaise in his finely resonant voice when word is received that Napoleon has just been declared emperor of France. That part flows naturally into the musical score and breaks no illusion.

Now that the word "illusion" is out, we might as well face the core of the whole problem still ahead of speaking movies. It is by no means as simple a matter as people would like to think. The future of speaking movies depends on something far deeper than the mere mechanical and acting problems involved. It is not enough to find motion-picture actors who can also speak well. Nor is it enough to train them so that they can act out long scenes without the constant prompting from a director's megaphone and other audible aids, such as studio music, all of which must be eliminated as they, too, would record along with the actors' voices. These difficulties are serious enough, but they only touch the surface of the problem. The real question is whether the introduction of spoken dialogue, either at intervals or continuously, will lend the movies a greater and finer sense of illusion, or tend to destroy the illusion and make them merely cheap imitations of stage plays.

Consider for a moment the one element in the movies which has set them apart from the stage as a form of art and entertainment. This element is the audience itself and the part it takes, unconsciously, in each movie performance. A movie audience supplies its own dialogue. It imagines a perfect voice and the aptest of words for the heroine; it imagines Frenchmen speaking either French or English with a French accent; it follows the action of a story to any part of the world, convinced, by the photographic reality of the picture, that it is actually witnessing scenes in Latin Rome (as in Ben Hur) or in the French slums or in the heart of India or China or Persia. And always, according to the limit of its imagination, it supplies appropriate dialogue, appropriate sounds of the street or crowd, and so gathers a firmer sense of illusion than the speaking stage can ever give.

Now the minute you inject a considerable amount of dialogue into a movie, you actually limit the illusion of the picture and bring it right back to the conventions of the stage—without the advantages of the stage, however, in having the real presence of actors as a counterpoise of interest. To make the movies more like a play is simply to deprive them of their one interesting characteristic, of the one thing that gives them a right to separate existence and separate charm, and to make them, instead of creations apart, mere substitutes for the speaking theatre.

To take a rough analogy: the vast majority of people would rather own a beautiful painting than the finest of colored photographs. The painting, in one sense, is less real, yet the soul of the artist has endowed it with qualities that no photograph can ever capture. Up to the present, movie audiences have endowed pictures with the glamour of their own imagination. This has given them the equivalent of the glamour bestowed on speaking plays by the physical presence of the actors. But the speaking movie must, in its very nature, be more like a colored photograph, leaving less to imagination, and still lacking the reality of the actors' presence. It becomes neither fish nor fowl, but an incongruous mixture of two separate arts.

Evidently, in Glorious Betsy, the Warner Brothers have seen this danger, and so reduced dialogue to a minimum. Most of the picture runs along in the conventional style. But even the small amount of dialogue it contains only bears out the point that dialogue breaks motion-picture illusion and so lessens the value of the art. Of course there will be a legitimate field for the speaking movie. It will always be interesting for news reels, for reproducing operas and concerts, and as a frank

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substitute for plays with fine artists in small cities that cannot afford first-class road companies. Thus, for example, it might serve a very good purpose to exhibit all over the country a speaking motion picture of Margaret Anglin's production of Electra. That would be frankly a substitute for the real thing, but far better than never witnessing the magic of that performance at all. Many other great plays could be filmed and the dialogue recorded in the same way, and a certain compensating advantage might be gained by using out-of-door backgrounds, real exteriors and a greater variety of indoor sets than possible on the stage. But in all these cases, we are considering the speaking movie precisely as a substitute. We are not pretending that it is an art by itself. In this aspect only does it seem to have a promising future.

The Waltz of the Dogs

A DEVOTED band of enthusiasts is presenting, in the little Cherry Lane Theatre, Leonid Andreyev's posthumous play, The Waltz of the Dogs. It is a play of which Andreyev himself (best known here for He Who Gets Slapped) was inordinately proud, since he wrote of it, "if God Himself were to say to me this work is poor, I would not believe Him. For if I believed it to be poor, I could not live at all." I quote this rather astonishing statement since it gives in many ways the key to the contemptuous irony of the play itself. It is full of just that kind of egocentric bitterness, coupled with a sadness which bids for sympathy and a self-torture which exhibits itself without reserve.

Powerful—yes. But only in the popular sense that the creation of any punishingly tragic mood is supposed to be powerful. In theme it is pitiably weak—for to Andreyev's mind it represents "the most hidden, cruel meaning of tragedy, which renounces the meaning and reason of human existence." Another and simpler word for it is despair—and the play is only powerful in the technical sense that it creates the mood of despair and sticks to it right up to the ultimate suicide.

The production is distinguished by one excellent setting by Charles Friedman, and by one extraordinarily fine bit of character acting by Jules Artfield. Two other members of the cast are adequate—Harold Johnsrud in the principal rôle, and Antoinette Crawford—but the others range from mediocre to grotesque. There is, however, a fine sincerity in the effort, justifying many favorable criticisms received. The only, and important question is, why choose a play cursed from its inception with such unexampled and destructive pride of desolation?

To Mary

Do you wear a robe of blue
As many artists picture you,
Or is it white, with broidered gold,
Or warm wine-red? No one has told
Your loveliness aright; there's none
Can paint your beauty but your Son.
He pictures you in fragrant May's
Tender, mild, exquisite ways,
And in October's goldenness
Does He suggest your queenliness.
This is why blithe May is fair
And gold October—for they wear
Graces of yours—at least a few.
I love the months that look like you!

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BOOKS

Pilgrim Warriors

The Crusaders and Other Historical Essays, presented to Dana C. Munro by his former students; edited by Louis J. Paetow. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $5.00.

THE twelve essays in this volume are a memorial tribute to Professor Dana Munro to commemorate his accession to the presidency of the American Historical Association. In eight of the essays, topics more or less closely connected with the crusades come under discussion, but there is no attempt to arrive at general conclusions on the subject as a whole.

In the first chapter there is a good account of the great German pilgrimage of 1064-1065, but the author can hardly be said to have attained his purpose of showing there was some connection between this pilgrimage and subsequent armed expeditions to the East. At most it was just one in a long series of events which led to the later military movements. The second chapter on the Pope's Plan for the First Crusade is interesting but inconclusive. It may be quite natural to suppose that the Pope did desire to establish a church-state or a state-church in the Orient, but there is no proof in this chapter to sustain such an assumption. A critical and historical study of a Neglected Passage in the Gesta leads the author of the third chapter to the conclusion that the passage is an interpolation, and that he has discovered the time, place and purpose of the fraud. His theory is a working hypothesis but by no means a satisfactory verdict. Professor Knappen's essay on Robert II of Flanders in the first crusade is a sympathetic and appreciative study of a brave soldier and sincere crusader. A critical approach to Albert of Aachen and the County of Edessa, such as Professor Beaumont's in the fifth essay, will do much to rehabilitate this neglected historian.

In the next chapter, The Genoese Colonies in Syria, Professor Byrne discusses a subject which has been sadly neglected by most historians of the crusades. The Genoese interest in Palestine was that of merchants and mariners. They had a large share of the carrying trade with the Orient. Their merchant fleets were often called on to act as war squadrons, and, in return, the Genoese received their pay in being permitted to set up merchant colonies in the captured cities. These colonies, though dependent on the home government, had an independent life of their own, and they were important factors in the success or failure of their warlike Christian brethren from France and Germany.

Fulk of Neuilly is the subject of Professor Gutsch's essay on A Twelfth-Century Preacher. Fulk was a reformer as well as a preacher, and his career and work bring into light the moral and religious peculiarities of the people at the beginning of the thirteenth century. He was no respecter of persons, and though he deserves notice as one of the most successful of mediaeval preachers, his fame rests principally on his efforts to revive the crusading spirit at a moment when apathy seemed to have seized the entire West. Not even Peter the Hermit nor Saint Bernard aroused greater enthusiasm for the defense of the holy places than Fulk, but it is somewhat of an exaggeration to place him on a level with Saint Bernard.

Professor Paetow has done much to rescue John of Garland from the obscurity to which the strictures of earlier students had doomed him. His essay, The Crusading Ardor of John of Garland, is an appreciative analysis of John's merits as a scholar and writer. It is not the first time Paetow has turned his attention to this neglected mediaeval poet, and it is to be hoped that this study will lead to the publication of a complete and critical edition of John's works. John was a professor of Latin language and literature at Paris and Toulouse, an uncompromising pacifist except toward the Saracens, and antedated another famous professor in speaking of war to end war.

An essay on Exchequer Reform under Edward I, by Professor Willard, is a highly technical account of a change in the conduct and management of public finance in England at a time when there was a general movement for the reform of governmental agencies and activities.

It is a long cry from Edward I to George V, but the chapter by Professor Schmitt on Lord Haldane's Mission to Berlin in 1912 is of enthralling interest. The author's sympathies are apparently with England. Nevertheless he narrates this supremely important pre-war episode with candor and impartiality. Haldane's visit was one of a series of attempts to relieve the tension between England and Germany on the subject of German naval expansion and the English entente with France. Germany was caught in the vise of the Franco-Russian agreement, and it seemed natural to the war party that the emergency demanded a larger navy. To this England objected. When Haldane appeared in Germany he found the chancellor, Bethmann, very much of the same mind as himself in regard to the measures to maintain peace and friendly relations. A tentative understanding was arrived at, which, on Haldane's return to England, was immediately repudiated by the English cabinet speaking through Sir Edward Grey. Bethmann, believing the naval question was secondary in importance to the political factors, hoped to continue the negotiations. Opposition at home and a menacing speech by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons convinced him of the futility of such a course, and he submitted to Tirpitz and introduced the bill for naval estimates. There was, as the author observes, logic on both sides, but logic is powerless when national pride is at stake. One cannot help asking whether the Haldane plan might not have averted the war.

Professor Lingelbach's essay on The Sources of Diplomatic History and the Control of Foreign Affairs, is an illuminating introduction to the study of modern diplomatic activity. In a few paragraphs the author succeeds in showing the extent to which the world has come to be governed by the diplomats. The ways of diplomats are so devious and the determining factors in the deliberations so invisible that the historian seeking the grain of truth in the vast mass of diplomatic chaff faces an almost impossible task. Professor Lingelbach has investigated diplomatic archives and sources himself, and is in a position to speak with authority not only on this phase of the subject, but on many others connected with the art and science of diplomacy as practised in modern democratic states. He has much to say on the momentous topic as to who controls and determines foreign policies and to what extent they are subject to revision. This feature of the subject gives him occasion to advert to certain incidents in the diplomatic history of the United States under Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, whose conduct of foreign affairs was not always in accordance with the provisions of the constitution or with diplomatic precedent.

Professor Kellar's article, the last in the series, is a painstaking effort to describe social and religious conditions in a little backwater Virginia community in ante-bellum times.

The essays are far from being uniform in merit or interest: many of them will appeal to a very restricted class of readers, but, taken together, they form a book of great value and are a touching tribute to a famous teacher.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

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Matrimony in Retrospect

The Mystic Rose: A Study of Primitive Marriage, by Ernest Crawley; a new edition revised and greatly enlarged by Theodore Besterman. New York: Boni and Liveright. $10.00.

IT IS now a number of years since the first edition of this valuable work appeared. With the few reservations yet to be made, we may at once say that author and reviser have done their work well and, though nothing could be more delicate than the handling of problems which must of necessity be discussed in its pages, it is a book which all important libraries, public and private, must possess. It is intensively documented on the lines of the works of Sir James Frazer. Indeed the book is dedicated to that author and resembles his writings in its erudition, though it may be added that its conclusions are better substantiated than some, at least, of Frazer's.

Man passes his life in a certain terror of what may happen, especially at dangerous epochs of his life, birth, puberty, marriage and, of course, death. Most people make provision for assistance at these times, and the Catholic Church responds with warmth and efficacy to this widely felt need. Primitive man has his social tabus and there are ceremonies which may ward off from him the "spiritual" dangers which he may here encounter from his fellow-beings. In like manner there are sexual tabus in a realm where the same kind of dangers may be expected but only from those of the opposite sex.

Such is the central thesis of the work, and the main stream, with many subsidiary rivulets of the question of tabu, are thoroughly explored—in which exploration more than one hoary error of bygone ethnologists is exposed and thrown overboard: the old and widely-held theory that there was a "ladder" (of the kind beloved in mid-Victorian days) in the matrimonial scheme—such ladder being promiscuity, group-marriage, polygamy, monogamy—is now, as Dr. Westermarck has shown, utterly inaccurate. There is no kind of evidence anywhere for a state of promiscuity nor of group-marriage in the sense in which it was understood. The very fact that few, if any, people are known who have not some kind of ceremony of marriage, and that even when it looks as if there were none, yet on searching some act, slight perhaps, yet significant, is the symbol of union, goes against the old theory completely. Such ceremony means at least the dedication of that couple—though it may not be an exclusive dedication—to one another.

With this misapprehension goes the famous matriarchal theory which taught that genealogies went through a female line since, under promiscuity or group-marriage, the actual male parent was undeterminable. It is now known that what is called matriarchy is no more than a convenient method of keeping genealogies, useful in polygamous societies, and that leads us to some consideration of that state of life. Ethnological opinion tends more and more to believe in monogamy as the primitive condition. But the greater number of peoples live under one or the other form of polygamy.

For there are two—though this book does not discuss them since they do not enter into the thread of its argument. There is synchronous polygamy such as prevails under the law of Islam and of course elsewhere. But there is also successive polygamy which prevails theoretically under any system of divorce and actually where divorce is easy and frequent. Both are forbidden by the Christian law, but, prescinding from that, there is no question whatever as to which is the more dangerous to the state. Ethnology and history both teach that the one sure foundation of a prosperous state is to be found in the

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family. Now synchronous polygamy does in many cases hold very firmly to the ideal of the family; successive polygamy does not. The experiment is now being made of maintaining a great state—several great states—under the successive system: time will show what is to be the result.

Another hoary fable disposed of here is the lewdness of primitive races. Because they are naked, or nearly so, they must needs be shameless, and great harm has been done by well-meaning but ill-instructed missionaries in causing peoples unaccustomed to clothes to dress up in garments which have actually had a most deleterious effect upon their health.

This book shows that in social morals many of the primitive races are far ahead of the highest cultures (so-called) today, and especially in one direction for "obscenity, that fungus-growth of civilization through degeneration or wrong methods of education, is either unknown among savages or regarded as a heinous sin." In fact in morals as in religion those unpleasant things which were not so long ago believed to have been the early and regrettable incidents of the race are now shown to be accretions on what was a much purer state of affairs as well as a far more ancient one.

From what has been said it will be gathered, and correctly, that we are prepared to give much praise to this erudite work. It would be unstinted praise but for one point to which attention must now be called. Why, we may ask, should such enormous pains be taken to ascertain the accuracy of the innumerable facts embedded in this book? The bibliography alone covers forty pages and the book throughout is studded with references. Because author and reviser have the scholar's love for accuracy? A proper reply; but then one would like to know why that accuracy should stop short at the door of the Catholic Church which, after all, is the oldest and by far the largest of all Christian bodies. Apart from matters like dances in church and the feast of Fools which would take us too far but which are inadequately dealt with in this book, consider the following instances.

The Catholic priest and nun do not necessarily take a new name at ordination or reception. It is at least common for nuns to do so, but only in religious orders for priests; and the name is taken at their reception, not ordination. Periodic confession does not only mean a "turning over of a new leaf," by any means. Nor is the feast of All Souls merely a means "of effecting union with the departed." Perhaps it may be said that these are not very important errors. Perhaps; but what about the utterly ludicrous statement (which belongs to the essence of a book on marriage) that "the taking together of Communion is in Catholic countries the essential part of the marriage ceremony"? Surely author or editor or both must have come across some of the too numerous "mixed marriages" and been aware that in the eye of the Church they are perfectly valid unions, though any such condition as that named above is wholly impossible. None of these statements is documented, for, of course, none of them could be. They are therefore the inaccurate ideas in the minds of those responsible for the book. Some of them were pointed out in that by no means obscure quarterly, the Dublin Review, when the first edition appeared. And it may be assumed that a voucher copy went to the publishers of the work. It can surely not be indifference as to what is said about the Catholic Church, but at least there has been a carelessness as to facts of which a scholar has no reason to be proud, and which mars enjoyment for those who would feel assured that the authorities they are consulting have done their best to ensure accuracy in their book.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Pioneers of Relativity

Flatland: A Romance of Many Dimensions, by A Square. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

HUMAN thoughts, like material bodies, tend to slip downward much more readily than they rise, so tragically are they chained to a solid physical world, to persistent efforts toward self-justification and self-assertion rather than to reason and spirit, to impulses of survival and competition—to a host of dull old blunders. The man of imagination who would attempt to blow them upward into cleaner regions must be armed with dynamite of a peculiarly high explosive index.

Some forty years ago an amiable Anglican clergyman engaged himself in a perhaps rather frantic search for such mental dynamite. He was the Reverend Edwin Abbott Abott, Fellow of Saint John's College, Cambridge, headmaster of the City of London School, author of more than forty educational and theological works, including Via Latina, How to Tell the Parts of Speech, Through Nature to Christ, Onesimus, Philochristus and The Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman. The limited appeal of such ponderable performances failed to satisfy him; he wanted to do his elevating on a larger, more popular scale. And so he hit upon the quixotic notion that the undermining of our most widespread, most heavily concrete, fixed, earthbound notions might be best accomplished by the use of the most abstract and ethereal of all methods—the method of pure disembodied mathematics. A subtle project, to be sure; destined, in spite of all the charm with which it might be executed, to leave but little impress on the bulk of solid humanity; destined, too, to bring many a pang of despair into the heart of the would-be liberator.

The result, at any rate, was Flatland, the rare little masterpiece now happily reprinted. Its obvious intent is to induct the reader painlessly into the concept of geometrical dimensions. Hence it introduces a world of two dimensions only, an illimitable plain, in which triangles, squares, polygons and circles live and move and have their being. These inhabitants can of course see only lines and points; they live in perfectly flat houses; they have a north, south, east and west, but cannot imagine an "upward, not northward." And there are dream-like glimpses of the one-dimensioned universe, consisting only of line-figures, and of that curious world of no dimensions, peopled by a single point, a non-existence who calls himself It and chants endlessly, "It is, and there is none else besides It. It fills all space, and what It fills, It is. It is the One and yet the all in all. Ah, the happiness of Being!"

Into Flatland, by a miracle, enters a divine creature, a Sphere, who initiates the Square into the mysteries of our three-dimensional world. And when the Square returns and tries to spread his transcendental gospel, he is condemned to life imprisonment for sedition, impiety and madness. What is worse, he is even assailed by doubts as to the substantiality of what he has witnessed. By way of analogy, the reader is made ready for the entertainment of four-dimensional and multi-dimensional speculation.

But the book is much more than an easy introduction to Minkowski, Gauss and Einstein. Those poor flat figures, in their complacent benightedness, in their equally complacent cruelties, are human—too human. They come miraculously to life; their political, social and personal organizations, as described, constitute an elaborate and a most piercing satire on our present world. Flatland has a place, without any doubt, in the brief list of English masterpieces of irony—with Swift's Gulliver, with his Modest Proposal and his Argument Against

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Abolishing Christianity, with Defoe's Shortest Way with the Dissenters, with Butler's Erewhon. And the eighteenth-century prose style of A Square is impeccable in its power and delicacy.

There is little doubt that Dr. Abbott was dramatizing his own feelings when he wrote, on his inspired ultimate page, "I am absolutely destitute of converts, and, for aught I can see, the millennial revelation has been made to me for nothing. Prometheus up in Spaceland was bound for bringing down fire for mortals, but I—poor Flatland Prometheus—lie here in prison for bringing down nothing to my countrymen."

Ironically enough, one of the earlier reviewers of Flatland exploded as follows: "Nothing is much more contemptible in this mundane sphere than to pretend to do, or to be, or to know, when one can neither do, nor be, nor know, but contrariwise only make pretense, and is in a word a humbug. Now, any man that shall pretend to know what this book means is of necessity a humbug."

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

Grace and Healing

Extreme Unction, by Adrian Jerome Kilker, J. C. D. $3.50; Comfort for the Sick, by Clara M. Tiry. $2.25; A History of the Seal of Confession, by Bertrand Kurtscheid, O.F.M. $2.50. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company.

HOW long the impression has prevailed, and been insisted on even in spiritual books, that there is little chance, except for the great saints, to escape purgatory! Jansenism in its spirit of rigorism has tainted many spiritual ideas. As a consequence, extreme unction has not been viewed in its entirety. Without minimizing purgatory—Father Faber says somewhere that no one should speak lightly of the sufferings of purgatory—more insistence should be put on the sacrament of extreme unction, the proximate end of which is the perfect healing of the soul by freeing it from all reatus of sin or of punishment, and by reënforcing it against all spiritual weakness from past sins or present bodily afflictions. There is no doubt that God in His infinite love desires that we should escape not only the pains of hell but also the temporary sufferings of purgatory, and come at once to glory in heaven. Hence the earnest desire of every Catholic to be anointed before death, even though he does not advert to all the sound theological reasons for his desire. Then, too, there is the other end of the sacrament—to restore the sick person to health if God sees fit. On both scores then, whether of restoration of bodily health or the more important end of complete health of soul and the consequent immediate admission to heaven, extreme unction is of sublime importance. Doctor Adrian Kilker's book, entitled Extreme Unction, is masterly. There are innumerable treatises on the subject, mostly in handhooks, but we know of no work that has treated it so thoroughly, so exhaustively, from the juridical standpoint. After a dogmatico-historical introduction wherein the author shows an amazing knowledge of all that has been said on the matter, he discusses such practical points as The Obligation of the Minister, Conditional Administration, Administration to the Unconscious, The Reservation of the Oil and The Rite of Administration. The question as to the length of time after apparent death during which extreme unction should be administered is dealt with extensively; also the matter of administering the sacrament in the case of those about to undergo a surgical operation, a question about which there is today much misunderstanding. Every priest, in whose life the administration of extreme unction occupies such an important part, will be glad to have his attention called to this necessary

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book. He will find it a spur to his zeal and a comfort in his care of the sick which makes him endure many sacrifices, sometimes even unto death.

As a kind of adjunct to the preceding book there is Comfort for the Sick. It is a beautiful and consoling book. The author, Clara M. Tiry, is the foundress of the pious unions called the Apostolate of Suffering, the object of which is to teach sufferers to sanctify their pains and to offer them up in union with the sufferings of Jesus Christ for all the works of the Church. It aims to bring home to the bed-ridden, the incurables, to all invalids, the truth, as exemplified in the historical examples of Catherine Emmerich, Saint Lydwine of Schiedam, the Little Flower, and many others, that instead of being useless members of society, they may be true apostles. The author who has been a sufferer for years writes from deep personal experience. It is a desirable book to give to a sick friend, or for some benefactors to give in quantities to hospitals and homes for incurables. Even the strong and healthy will do well to read it against the inevitable day of suffering.

A History of the Seal of Confession appeared in its original German in 1912, at which time it was highly praised by the faculty of the University of Freiburg, as also by scholars all over the world. Owing to the great war the translation into other languages was impeded and it is only now that the version into English has been done, a fortunate thing in a way, since it has allowed the author to use much new matter and especially the new code. It is the most complete treatise we have in any language on the important question of the seal. The seal, as we know it, is the result of development. Father Kurtscheid traces the development from the days of public penance to the new code. He has said the last word on the subject and therefore his book is indispensable to the confessor and the student.

HUGH F. BLUNT.

Art and Academicians

Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting, by Clive Bell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

CLIVE BELL still refuses to admit that modern art has received the recognition which is its due. The riches of modern French painting he was, from the first, quick to discover. In the English field he has had a less exciting territory to cover, yet his delight has not been lessened by this fact, for nothing gives him more pleasure than a chance for scorn and pitiless reproach. For this sort of anger, England's art has offered many occasions during the last century, and while Mr. Bell's critical method is one whereby the baby is very frequently thrown out with the bath-water, he has nevertheless helped rescue from public violence such remarkable infants as Wyndham Lewis, Duncan Grant, Frank Dobson and Epstein. However irritated he may become, the reader must admit that there is today no more vigorous hand at work opposing the prim complacency, the self-lauding provincialism and the critical looseness which always exist as enemies of artistic truth. In Since Cézanne, there is a paper on these evils called Wilcoxism, which has a bitter sting. An earlier book, Art, was something of a pioneer in the astringent method, and now, in the new book, the nineteenth century, the prelude to modern art, is outlined in a series of stimulating papers.

It was an age of many painters and of ambitious movements, and provides Mr. Bell with a rich fund of material. It saw, in the triumph of Ingres, a severe classicism imbued with a deep originality and a significant note of prophecy. It saw the slow rise of impressionism toward the success of Manet and Renoir. It included the naturalism of Constable at one end and, at the other, the profounder naturalism of Cézanne. It managed to include even the first promise of post-impressionism. In his Prolegomena, Mr. Bell salutes this "succession of prodigiously gifted artists" with their fine range of contrasts. But the age also provided the conditions whereby its real artist "had to fight his way through a jungle of prejudices and insensibility," conditions which give Mr. Bell fit occasion to display a fury which does much good—and which also does enough harm to make his shortcomings as a historical critic stand out.

It is good to see the literary derivations of Delacroix and Daubigny defined, to have Corot's stupid imitations set apart from his clear lyrical originality, and not wholly tiresome to hear another just indictment of the Academy. But in the essay on the Pre-Raphaelites we do not find the disciplinary benefits of the group set against their didacticism and shallow appeals; the indictment might, at this late day, admit of a fresher viewpoint and greater historical justice. The essays on Turner and Courbet are marked by vague sympathy and, on the whole, Mr. Bell seems unequal to the task of explaining fully, on social and economic grounds, the century's chief difficulty—"the paradox of great artists and brilliant but tiny groups isolated in a wilderness from which painting had been banished." Had he done this, he might have made his book a landmark. As it stands, it fails to convince completely, even when it does such admirable justice to Constable, Ingres, Manet and Seurat.

We will value these various papers in themselves, accepting, for the moment at least, Mr. Bell's explanation in his preface, that he cannot write a "tolerable book" on his critical reactions like Roger Fry, who "has a genius for holding his aesthetic emotion in suspense, analyzing its object and expressing the result in admirably lucid equivalents." Mr. Bell has entitled us to expect such a book some day. Until then these essays will probably remain his best, the most penetrating and clear-cut estimates he has written. He shows here what a stimulating guide he is, however much his sympathy and aesthetic may chance to differ from our own.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

The Sundering Flood

The River Between, by Louis Forgione. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

AMONG the growing ranks of foreign-born novelists there are just a very few who keep some part of their ancestral patrimony, their temperament, their native color and traditions, and engraft them into the new setting in which they work. Louis Forgione is a case in point. In The River Between he has given us a story that is almost purely Sicilian. It happens to be laid in an Italian colony on the Palisades, looking across the Hudson to the famous skyline of New York. But its soul is as thoroughly that of the Sicilian peasant, his passions and superstitions, his physical habits and mental ways of thought, as though the scene were Verga's Aci Reale, with Etna smoldering in the background.

As to detail of plot, the whole story is too stormy and complex for a brief epitome. What you cannot forget are the two tall, powerful giants of men, old Demetrio Lyba and his son Oreste—Demetrio, grizzled, wrinkled, with a strange brooding look in his almost blind old eyes; and Oreste, silent, inarticulate, yet bound to his father by a tie that is scarcely love and yet not wholly duty. Demetrio, until his sight failed, was a builder and contractor, and drove his gangs of workers mercilessly; and now that Oreste is in control, he proves himself an

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equally hard taskmaster. His only gentleness is toward his wayward little wife, Rosa, who is the bone of contention between him and old Demetrio. Rosa has once already left home, lured across the river by the glamor of jazz and bright lights and freedom; and although Oreste takes her back, when she asks him to believe that she is true to him, he says nothing but slowly shakes his head.

Rosa, of course, does not stay. The lure of the city is too strong, in spite of the river between. But she does stay long enough to estrange Oreste and his father and to drive away the old man, who curses her, but realizes to his own horror that he has loved her all the time.

The story itself does not so much matter. What really counts is the picture we get of these stormy natures, who at heart are overgrown children. Though in America, they are not of it. They live in their traditions, in their memories, in their idle gossip and immemorial proverbs. And at the close is one Homeric battle, where a long accumulation of hatred against Oreste culminates in a massed attack upon him; and the blind old titan, Demetrio, sensing danger to his son, finds his way home, and wielding an iron bar of a weight that few men could lift, lays about him with it like a scythe, mowing down the enemy in crumpled heaps, and bearing forth Oreste's dying form with the pathetic dignity of a new King Lear.

The River Between has its crudities. But it has its big moments also; and Demetrio's last blind battle is the biggest.

FREDERICK TABER COOPER.

Fiction Astray

Shaken by the Wind, by Ray Strachey. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MRS. STRACHEY explains in her preface that she has drawn upon authentic documents in the possession of her family for the texture of her story of fanaticism. She also states her intention to publish shortly the actual documents upon which her story is based. Such publication would, I think, serve Mrs. Strachey's purpose better than does her novel. Her sincerity is evident. Firm in the belief that extravagances similar in nature exist today, that excesses are still being committed in the name of religion, she presents, through the fortunes of Sarah Sonning's family, a study of the religious mania which inflamed whole communities in America during the early nineteenth century, and which gave rise to such curious sects as the Holy Rollers, the Shakers and the Perfectionists. But the thoughtful reader will question the wisdom of such a book, and the average reader will find it disappointing.

The characters are, as is almost inevitable, manufactured for the parts they are to play. There is no person whom we really know; none in whose fortunes we feel stirred to take a hand. Even Rufus Hollins, that arch fiend of iniquity, fails to impress; and the others seem poor-spirited creatures with little to do. Could fever, flood, famine—any public calamity—act as a clean wind sweeping through, then might we see the stuff of which these people are made; but the lack of obstacles makes the story fade into insignificance.

Because the story, which is the vehicle for Mrs. Strachey's message, fails to hold, her preachment fails to convince. Nor is she wise in her choice of vehicle. For the very people whom such treatise might help will not read it. It will simply satisfy the prurient eyes of the mordantly curious. Better had Mrs. Strachey presented her unvarnished documents for the benefit of scientists and those interested in pathological subjects.

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Wings of Song: The Story of Caruso, by Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

I HAVE seldom read a book which has left a pleasanter impression on my mind. Its simplicity and the unsophisticated manner in which the impressions of an affectionate wife are recorded in this sketch of the personality of a great singer, lend a healthy touch to her story that we seldom find nowadays. Mrs. Caruso does not fall into heroics as so many women in her place would have been tempted to do. She does not try to make a hero out of Caruso, she simply describes him as she saw him: a man with a big heart, much generosity in his character and with the erratic characteristics common to so many artists. Out of these different elements she presents to us a most attractive picture.

In addition there is a great display of tact. It would have been so easy for the author to make capital out of the family circumstances which accompanied her marriage. Yet she refrains from doing it, skips over what could be called distressing circumstances without being unkind and applies herself to minimizing the faults of others without appealing to the indulgence of her readers. She is fair all around, and it is easy to see that her affection for Caruso was something very real which helped her to close her eyes where many others would have opened them wide.

Thus, the book is a beautiful tribute paid to a captivating personality by a woman who loved the being she describes to us with such pathos, and was loved by him, perhaps even more than she cherished him. Its end is also splendidly painful, if the reader will forgive me for using the words. Caruso's death is certainly a talented piece of writing, and the simplicity with which it is related brings the tears to one's eyes by its avoidance of the harrowing details so many writers might have introduced into it in order to enhance its effect. It is not the description of a death; it is death itself, just as it steals upon us and claims those whose hour is about to strike.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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